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IT is evident that what lies behind the bitter opposition to the Anglo-Irish treaty which was approved by the Dail by so narrow a majority is distrust of England. Even supporters of the treaty give evidence of that distrust. The chief tangible advantage of Mr. De Valera's alternative treaty or even of an independent republic over the existing plan is that conceivably England may have more opportunity, through the physical presence of a Governor-General and through the psychological fact of allegiance to the King, to interfere with genuine self-government. The record of seven centuries has given Irish patriots plenty of cause for apprehension. The way to banish the irreconcilable opposition to the treaty which seriously threatens the economic development of Ireland, as well as the peace of the world, is not to denounce opponents of the treaty. Rather let public opinion in England and throughout the world demand that Mr. Lloyd George give immediate and generous evidence of good faith. This can be done if his Government will promptly evacuate Ireland, release prisoners, and make a sincere effort to persuade Ulster to become a contented part of united Ireland. Even so there would still remain a widespread desire for ultimate independence but it would not take the form of uncompromising opposition on a large scale to the orderly development of the Irish Free State.

PUBLIC opinion has shown that humanity is not devoid of an instinct for racial self-preservation in constraining the Washington Conference to bar the use of chemicals in war. For that we are grateful, yet we believe that the Root resolutions, if not vigorously reinforced, will be positively dangerous. First, because they tend to lull men into a false sense of security, and second, because if new war is joined the existence of these declarations, which as they now stand are bound to be disregarded, will but lay the foundation for charges and counter-charges of atrocities. To make this Washington vote of value there must be a universal pledge to abstain from all chemical warfare by all the nations, and after that an international commission to see to it that this girdle of virtue, self-applied, is really worn. The United States ought to lead the way. Without waiting for any further signatures Congress ought to abolish the Chemical Warfare Service of the Army. But at best no international pledges hold in wartime if anybody wishes to violate them on the excuse that the other fellow began it first—did not Mr. Wilson's first Solicitor of the State Department publicly declare in 1915 that the British had by that time violated every canon of international law; and did not the Germans seek to justify their bombardment of unfortified towns, their air raids, and their resort to gas on the bald assertion that the other fellows first adopted these humanitarian pastimes? The true way remains to strike at war itself, to outlaw it, to make of it a crime against all nations and humanity.

A WOMAN reader of *The Nation*, a vigorous champion of France, berates us for some of our views and asks whether we would consent to the cancelation of France's debt if France were, in exchange, really to disarm. To which we reply that it would be cheap at the price. If France should muster out all but 25,000 of her troops and haul all her fleet up on the beach we would think it worth not only the billions she owes but at least one more to which we could cheerfully subscribe our *per capita* share. Nothing would make more for the peace of Europe than such an act, which after all would but confer upon France as sound a benefit as she, by helping to disarm Germany, has bestowed upon her enemy. But as to guaranties for France? One of the best would be the real abolition of poison gas and of the submarine. The more the world disarms itself, the more it strikes off the tariff shackles by which it fetters itself, the more it goes after the real causes of war—the more France will be guaranteed against anybody else. Today, the best guaranty for the peace of the world would be, not merely French disarmament, but the extirpation in France of the chauvinist spirit and of its twin brother the business imperialism of the *haute finance*, and the substitution of a desire to cooperate with all other nations for the rescue of the world.

CONGRESS is not likely to take seriously the resolution of Representative Reavis which is designed as a call upon France for immediate payment of its debt to this

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country just because of French insistence on the right to large naval increases. The French position has injured that republic in the one most vital issue concerning it that is before the American people. It is more important to France than to any other nation that America cancel its war loans to the Allies. Without such aid there is no way now visible by which France can balance its books. Sentiment toward cancelation had been gaining ground here in the last year. The one great objection was the knowledge that France, in spite of her bankruptcy, was maintaining an army of nearly a million men, undertaking fresh ventures in imperialism in Asia Minor, and encouraging others elsewhere. One of the essentials of European salvation, as pointed out elsewhere in this issue by John F. Sinclair, is that America wipe from its books its war loans to the Allies, but it will not and should not do this without agreements for drastic reductions in military expenditures. The French people ought to understand that their official jingoism is the most serious hindrance to aid from America.

WHILE Russians starve, those who do not dare openly attack Russian relief attack those who do the relieving. A certain weekly recently proclaimed quite frankly its almost cannibalistic credo that it would be better that millions should die of hunger than that relief should aid the Soviet Government. It is such cruelly political people who are spreading rumors about the Friends of Soviet Russia, which sends its relief direct to agencies of the Russian Government. The Friends of Soviet Russia, they charge, diverts its funds to propaganda. We have investigated the charge and believe it false. The Friends of Soviet Russia is a working-class organization, appealing to those sympathetic to Soviet Russia to help that country. As such its appeals, like its advertising, legitimately consist of matter which is in a sense propaganda. That is not diverting funds for propaganda. And a working-class organization which in these hard times has raised more than $300,000 in cash and two-thirds as much in clothing, with an overhead expenditure of less than 5 per cent, has done well.

SO the Allies are to abandon further steps toward trying the German "war criminals." It is a wise step; but it is a pity that it was not taken before elections were fought on the issue, and press campaigns waged, and extra bitterness added to the inevitable bitterness of the war. Lloyd George was elected on his promise that the Kaiser would be hanged; he soon abandoned that. Then came the demand that lesser criminals be tried, the difficulties in forming a court, the decision to try them before the German Supreme Court, and the trials. A few resulted in convictions; in others the evidence was insufficient to convict. The English and Italian legal advisers report that the trials were fair; the French and Belgian think not. In any case further trials will be abandoned; the task of collecting evidence is too long and costly, and it is plain that there is little or no evidence to support many of the charges lightly made. Time has brought realization that to try the criminals of one side only is absurdly unfair; and not only the impressive German *Gegenliste* of Allied war criminals, a document open to the same suspicions as the Allied lists, but the public statements of Henri Barbusse and Gouttenoire de Toury in France, of Frederick Palmer's book in America, of American privates at the Watson hearings in Washington, and of others in France, America, and Great Britain, gives abundant proof that an impartial investigation of "war crimes" would be damning to all.

THREE hundred and sixty-five hard-wood lumber concerns controlling nearly one-third of the hard-wood production in the United States formed an "Open Competition Plan" which disclaimed any intention of restricting competition or of controlling prices, but which compiled and distributed "information to enable each member intelligently to govern his production." A majority of the United States Supreme Court has found this association illegal on the ground that such a plan by its very nature operates in restraint of trade and hence is contrary to the Sherman Act. Justices Brandeis, Holmes, and McKenna dissented. Justice Brandeis declared that the plan itself was commendable. "In making such knowledge [as to prices] available to the smallest concern it creates among producers equality of opportunity. In making it available also to purchasers and the general public, it does all that can actually be done to protect the community from extortion." The result of the prohibition of such a plan is either cut-throat competition, which in the long run is socially disastrous, or the formation of a hard-wood trust which the court, if the analogy of its decision in the Steel Trust case should hold, would find constitutional. The conflicting opinions justify small confidence in the benefits of the Sherman Act.

MR. SAMUEL UNTERMYER, who can qualify as an expert, is also among the pessimists as to the possibility of suppressing trade conspiracies. He estimates that "in the lines of industry directly connected with the building trades alone there are 20,000 conspirators masquerading as respectable business men engaged in these nefarious practices." For the enormous growth of this evil he blames both the national Government and the various States. "The open price competition plan" such as was condemned in the hard-wood case he believes to be inherently evil. It was under this form that the cement trust worked and upon the indictment of its officers the price of cement was cut to less than one-half what it had been. Something, he is persuaded, can be done by courageous prosecution, but he is very doubtful whether at this late date these combinations can be exterminated, and he is finally driven to the position of suggesting as an undesirable alternative a plan of regulation, both Federal and State, to control combinations which cannot be destroyed. His plan is interesting and would be an improvement on the existing situation. But at best it will be hard to escape the admitted evils of cut-throat competition without running into the arms of predatory monopoly. And government regulation is not a sure way of escape. The difficulties of the situation furnish a text on which the socialist and cooperator will comment each according to the manner of his kind.

IT is still the fashion to blame the inefficiency and high cost of labor for the larger part of our economic ills. In the New York building trades labor had much to answer for. We would therefore call special attention to the fact that labor has assented to all the nineteen demands made by the Lockwood committee. Mr. Untermyer testifies that labor has proved itself amenable to reason to a degree far and away greater than the building trusts. The demands which the New York Building Trades Council and the executive committee of the State Federation of Labor have

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accepted, after some slight revision in conference with Mr. Untermyer, include limitation of dues, a reasonable maximum on initiation fees, proper accounting for union funds, the abolition of arbitrary restrictions on the number of apprentices, and of various practices which have unreasonably interfered with the efficiency of labor. The unions have also agreed to a plan for arbitration in the building industry which will avoid strikes and reward efficiency.

FIGURES such as are compiled by the International Labor Office of the League of Nations tell startling tales. For instance, take these figures of the cost of food in various countries: In the United States, according to the compilation, food last summer cost 50 per cent more than in July, 1914; in England 110 per cent, in France 250, in Italy 400, in Germany 1,300, in Austria 11,000, in Poland 29,000 per cent more than in the month before the war. The figures tell the story, of course, not merely of rising prices but of depreciated currency. It is difficult to translate such figures into the current terms of life. Other figures compiled by the same office have a very plain meaning—those of the unemployed. We have few reliable statistics on unemployment in this country. The best of them, those of Massachusetts, show more than 20 per cent unemployed, as against a 1913 figure of 6 per cent. England—the figures are of last summer—had 13 per cent, against 3.6 in 1913; Holland 8.5, Belgium 11.7, Sweden 26.8. The business depression is plainly world-wide, and no merely national measures can put an end to it. Only Germany, working feverishly overtime as the value of her currency declined and her manpower became almost daily cheaper, showed an unhealthy isolated activity, with only 2.2 per cent out of work.

STATE insurance against hail in North Dakota has proved so much of a success that, although it is one of the innovations of the Nonpartisan League, the system will not be molested by the opposition administration that has just come into power. The report of the Insurance Commissioner just published shows that in 1920 the State handled four-fifths of the hail insurance placed in North Dakota, assuming a risk of $84,376,196 and collecting premiums amounting to $3,848,845. The nineteen private companies engaged in business in the State wrote risks totaling $20,271,000, for which they collected $1,994,424 in premiums. Thus the private companies collected twice as much in premiums for an equivalent amount of insurance as the State. Moreover, in losses paid, the State returned 86.80 per cent of the premiums collected while the private companies returned 61.83 per cent.

WE noted recently that the Cooperative National Bank of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, of Cleveland, had paid an extra 1 per cent to the depositors in its savings department, in addition to the regular annual interest of 4 per cent. Since then the East River Savings Institution of New York City has declared an extra dividend of ½ of 1 per cent for the past six months in addition to the usual 4 per cent per annum. Both actions justify the contention that has been made in these columns that depositors in savings banks could and should profit by the higher rates that money for some years has been bringing. It is true, of course, that many savings banks are still carrying considerable investments at pre-war interest rates, but these are constantly growing less. The right answer by other savings banks to increased payments to depositors by their competitors is to meet them. In Cleveland, however, mud-slinging has been chosen instead, and extensive advertisements have appeared in the newspapers telling of the adoption by the members of the Cleveland Clearing House Association of an emblem, the display of which may be regarded as "the sign of safety." To this Warren F. Stone has replied on behalf of the Brotherhood's bank that the real purpose of the Clearing House Association is not safety but the perpetuation of a banking monopoly. Many will incline to Mr. Stone's opinion.

IT is unfortunate but not surprising that the challenge issued by the Bureau of Industrial Research to the press of the United States to search its soul and its files and discover whether it has been fair and intelligent in its handling of labor news has been pretty generally ignored. Except for articles in the New York *World* and *Globe* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, and a few sticks in other papers throughout the country, little notice has been given to this well-considered demand. Notoriously unjust in many labor controversies, the press has much to answer for to the workers of the country. Its attitude has bred in labor a corresponding attitude of hostility, and a vicious circle of suspicion and suppression has thus been created. Perhaps it is inevitable that in the last analysis papers controlled by big business or by big-business men are going to deal unjustly with labor; during bitter revolutionary struggles the newspapers will shinny on their own side. But the American press is not a consistent partisan. It aims, when too much is not at stake, to "give the news," and an increasing number of important newspapers are employing special labor editors and seeking to give reasonable prominence to the labor version of the facts. The workers' suspicion of the press is easy to understand, but it is bad tactics. Where labor leaders have known how to approach the newspapers through trained publicity men or on their own initiative; where they have put out facts in easily assimilable form, the newspapers have opened their columns with surprising hospitality. It is for the papers to get the news intelligently and to print it fairly; it is for labor to help them.

BRAND WHITLOCK removed as Ambassador to Belgium, although he wishes to stay and the King of the Belgians is believed to have asked for his retention? And this without protest from the patriots? We believe that Mr. Whitlock's removal in favor of Henry P. Fletcher, who steps down from his Undersecretaryship of State to go to Brussels, is unworthy of our Government and new proof of the ingratitude of republics. What Mr. Whitlock did in Belgium ought to entitle him, though he be a Democrat, to stay in our diplomatic service for life if he so willed. Upon all Americans he conferred luster by bearing himself with utmost dignity, propriety, and skill through the most trying of ordeals. If ever a man merited Distinguished Service Crosses it was he. But here he goes out of public life for purely partisan reasons, and we have yet to see a single journalistic protest. Who would have believed such a thing possible two years ago? And at the same time, as if to rub it in, the President has appointed as Minister to Paraguay a lawyer whose sole claim to fame is that he has been for years, according to the press, the minister plenipotentiary and autocrat in ordinary of the United States Steel Corporation in the bloody State of West Virginia.

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Blocs Against a Bloc

BEYOND doubt we are witnessing far-reaching changes in Washington. In the Senate the Old Guard is rapidly disappearing and those members of it who remain were by no means the most virile or the most dominating of the old group. Since the nomination of Mr. Harding, Senator Penrose and ex-Senator William M. Crane have gone and with them Senator Knox, though he was not a machine leader like the others. Senator Lodge and Senator Smoot remain in active political life, but neither has added to his power in the last two years. Indeed, Mr. Lodge has steadily lost ground despite his share in the defeat of the Treaty of Versailles, while Mr. Smoot's failure to date to put through his sales-tax plan is one more proof of the way the old Republican machine is creaking and halting. Murmurings against Mr. Lodge's leadership of the Senate grow louder as time goes on and the inability to achieve any helpful program becomes more evident. It may well be that he will yet regret being a member of the American delegation to the Conference on the Limitation of Arms if he has to defend the treaties it has sponsored, for the drafts upon his time which that will call for must still further weaken his leadership. There are no two opinions about that leadership in Washington. It has lacked force and power. Face to face with a great opportunity, backed by overwhelming majorities in Senate and House, the Republicans have accomplished only the enactment of an emergency tariff and of a new tax bill which the public believes to favor the rich at the expense of the poor, and as yet but comparatively small savings in appropriations. The railroad refunding bill has been effectively sidetracked, no permanent tariff bill is being worked out, and there is no far-reaching reduction in our great expenditures.

Plainly something has happened to the Republicans who have usually borne themselves with a cocksureness consonant with their belief in themselves as the lords of creation. The old party discipline has broken down and not only because the leaders do not seem to know their own minds as of old. For one thing fortune has frowned upon them. The hard times which preceded Mr. Harding's induction into office refuse to yield to Republican incantations. For once a Republican Administration does not spell prosperity; that is not even yet in sight despite the flurries in the newspapers, and the nearer we approach to the Congressional elections the more this Sisyphean burden will weigh upon the backs of the Republican politicians. Again, the soldiers clamor for their bonus, while the farmer's plight grows worse not better and though Mr. Harding has held out hopes of relief to him there is as yet none visible; nor is there a definite agricultural program worked out. Neither in the White House nor in Congress is there strong, clear-cut majority leadership. The Administration does not know what it wants or when it wants it.

Is it unnatural in this state of affairs that there should have arisen a new alignment within the Republican Party? The old Progressive split has never wholly been healed; it has merely been in abeyance by reason of the war and now it is revived by the formation of a group with another name, which is, we are told, of sinister import, first, because it is a sectional affair and, second, because it embodies a single economic group—the agriculturalists. So the tocsin sounds its alarm and the President dispatches one of his Cabinet officers to prove to New England that the agricultural bloc is wickedly un-American if only because it is a bloc. How much depends upon what name a bloc carries! For decades, yes, for generations, this same Republican Party has been run by a bloc, an economic bloc of multi-millionaires who heaped up their millions because they dominated and owned their party, made it a perfect instrument of special privilege, and bent the Government to their will that they might be enriched by the tariff favors they voted to themselves at the expense of all the people. If the gods on high in Olympus do not weep at this spectacle it is because they are still yielding to ribald mirth at the sight of the iron and steel bloc, the coal bloc, the oil bloc, the copper bloc, the railroad bloc, and all the rest of them arousing themselves to denounce the growth of this new bloc which is chiefly menacing because it is a bloc voicing the aspirations of that one-half of our population that tills our farms. Is it wicked for a sectional issue to be introduced into our politics? Well, did no one ever hear of a Southern issue? Is there not a cotton-States bloc which votes solidly for its views and special interests? And, pray, what has the Republican Party been all these years since it forgot the moral issues which gave it birth and became the party of crass, self-seeking materialism? Why, it has been the party of the business East and the business Middle West—nothing more and nothing less.

Pity the ill-treated East! It has so little power in the affairs of the present Administration, and now the wicked Westerners want to take from it some of that. If we count Ohio as an Eastern State, it has only the President, the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, the leader of the Senate. It has only the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War and the Attorney General, to say nothing of all the leading ambassadorships. It has only the Chief Justice and five of the leading members of the Supreme Court—only six to three from South and West. Is it any wonder that the New York press betrays real anguish that with the death of Senator Penrose the chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Finance passes to a Westerner for the first time? Not even the prospect that Senator McCumber will probably be defeated for reelection next fall reassures these frightened editors, who are further horrified by the impudent demand of the agricultural bloc that there shall be one "dirt farmer" on the Federal Reserve Board. If Mr. McCumber drops out, the chairmanship will go to the tried and trusty Reed Smoot, but—one's hair stands on end—next to him comes Robert La Follette, who will even now be appointed to represent the Senate on the conference committee of the two houses. Is our Government to perish under our very eyes?

Heaven forbid! Not certainly without a vigorous struggle by the White House and majority leaders who held another of their conferences and voted to be vigorous and virile at the White House conference on January 8. Alas, it takes more than good resolutions to lead, and the fundamental difficulty is that these good Republicans do not yet realize that it is a wholly different world, that economic events abroad may upset their entire kettle of fish at any moment, and, most important of all, that their party is quite incapable of true leadership as long as it is what it is, the party of predatory wealth, of grasping monopoly, and utterly selfish special privilege.

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The Course of Conference

CONFERENCE succeeds conference. Washington had not yet retired from the front page when Cannes appeared, at first as a solemn gathering of distinguished financial and economic "experts," then as a noisy pow-wow of prime ministers; and before Cannes had finished its deliberations a loud fanfare heralded the approach of Genoa. Conferences which claim to be the most stupendous events since Versailles, or even since Nazareth, tread on each other's heels these days with such a disconcerting fuss and bustle that the casual newspaper reader loses interest and tends to discriminate between them as little as he did between the twenty-seven wars which followed the assemblage of the peace-makers at Paris.

Whenever any particularly bothersome problem raises its head above the sea of lesser worries, it is the fashion today to call a conference. Often enough the conference adjourns, as at Cannes, by calling another conference, whereat the cynics chuckle. But calling a conference is after all better than calling a war, and the prudent observer will note that the range of the conferences is widening, and that if the conference debates settle little, each usually registers a progression in the public mind. The Allies have not yet reduced the German indemnity to a reasonable figure, but they are moving steadily toward that goal. If enough conferences follow rapidly enough they may yet do it in time. Premier Briand has publicly admitted readiness to discuss a moratorium and he is still in office—and that is more than was possible a year ago.

Genoa marks another step. Soviet Russia is to be invited. The cautious Allies make it plain that this is not "recognition"; the fact that they eat and drink with Lenin or his ambassador and discuss with him afternoon and evening will not mean that they recognize him as representing Russia either de facto or de jure; such are the euphemisms of statecraft. But it means that they are getting ready to do so and that after a few more conferences with him they will admit it. Genoa marks, too, the admission of Germany to full-fledged participation in discussion of Europe's problems. Her experts and statesmen, instead of cooling their heels in an ante-room and being called in to be patronized on occasion, will sit beside the Allied statesmen at the traditional green table and help reach decisions.

All this is real progress. The invitation to Russia and to Germany to sit in at Genoa marks the first fulfilment of an essential condition of real progress toward Europe's recovery. All parties must sit around the same table. The Paris-Versailles peace conference stultified itself when it kept the Germans barred like wild beasts in a house apart, calling them in only to announce decisions. Subsequent Supreme Councils, premiers' private palavers, experts' sessions, and other conferences have suffered from the same debilitating one-sidedness. Discussion of Russia has been hamstrung by the unwillingness to meet with representatives of present-day Russia. If the history of the past few years teaches us to expect conference to follow upon conference before results are achieved, it teaches us also that slow though the process be, conferences can and do achieve results. The president of Austria and the president of Czecho-Slovakia first met a year and a half ago, and a treaty simplifying the transit of goods across the Austro-Czech frontier and facilitating the stoking of Austria's factories with Czecho-Slovakia's coal has only just been negotiated. It took a long series of conferences, the drop in the price of sugar, and Hugo Stinnes's coal maneuvers to bring it about. Austria's salvation, after many conferences, remains unwon; Austria cannot have credits until America waives her bill for food and Italy, Jugoslavia, and Rumania waive their claims. Yet, although the price of bread has jumped from 34 to 74 kronen a small loaf and the Viennese starve while the slow progress goes on, progress is being made. At each conference the premiers venture new proposals, and if their peoples do not cry too loudly, they put them into effect at succeeding meetings. An invitation to Lenin does not mean that Russia has been taken back into the European system; it does mean another stage on the long road toward a re-united Europe.

So we hope that America will not stand aloof from this Genoa conference. It is reported that Mr. Harding (or Mr. Hughes, for it appears that Mr. Harding does not always know what his right hand doeth) has wired a discreet inquiry whether the question of inter-Allied debts will be on the agenda. He need not worry. It would be a rare debate, with Lenin present—for France's first greeting to the Russians will be "Pay your debts," and a conference at which France argued with Russia that Russia should pay, and with us that France should not, would be a priceless pearl of statecraft. Some day it may dawn upon these Allied statesmen that the Czar's debts and the top-lofty structure of the German indemnity are in the same class with their own debts to us; perhaps the conference at Genoa may bring that useful knowledge. In any case, while we cannot share in the mad trumpetings which herald each of these conferences as millennium-makers, we welcome every one; slowly and painfully they are building the structure of a new world state, emerging not out of the minds of men but out of the economic needs of the world.

The Stage and the Censor

WE are threatened with a State or even a national censorship of the stage. The Authors' League of America, the Society of American Dramatists and Composers, and the Actors' Equity Association have hastened to pass resolutions and formulate protests. We are, of course, entirely at one with the aims of these societies. But it is imperative to point out that their protests are feeble in form and subtly self-accusing in spirit, that they miss the root of the problem with a fatal certainty, and are likely to bring about the very conditions that are so much feared. The societies promise to "work for a clean stage," and to "take prompt action regarding the production of plays which provoke public protest." In a word, they give away the whole essential case. They admit, like unruly schoolboys, that they are more than likely to be mischievous but promise amendment if put upon their honor.

We should like to point out to these societies and their friends three considerations. It is by urging these and these only that the necessary liberty of the arts can be maintained in America. The terms "clean," "immoral," "salacious," "vulgar" are easy to use and quite infinitely elastic. When the early plays of Ibsen appeared conservative Europe rang from end to end with bitter and rabid protests against the immorality, vulgarity, and filth of the great Norwegian; the performance of the first play of Gerhart Hauptmann aroused a tempest amid the conservatives

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of Berlin; the production of "The Weavers" was stopped by the police power, as was the first New York presentation of Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" which some years later was played here unmolested. A stage, in other words, that promises to keep clean and refined in the sense attributed to those words by the respectable majority of any moment in history is a stage that must avoid the new, close its doors to genius, deny the creative spirit, and league itself on principle with rigidity and spiritual sloth. There is no great dramatist from Molière to Shaw whom it would not have been forced, on its own avowed principles, to reject and silence.

The second consideration is that there is not one public but many. The protest of which public do these societies intend to heed? There is a public that wants Shakespeare expurgated, that still thinks Ibsen dangerously subversive, the great Russians dangerously depressing, the great Germans dangerously Hunnish. This is not a humorous exaggeration but an icy fact. There is the enormous public that wants nothing but the cheerful and refined, that mistakes art for soothing-syrup and the drama for a game. This public has the agreeable habit of calling everything it does not like "unclean," "immoral," "vulgar." And here, indeed, we reach the crux of the matter. People do not use these terms as definite concepts; they use them like children as "swear-words" to characterize all that happens not to appeal to their tenuous tastes and limited intelligences. The stage that permits such protests to influence or swerve it gives up all hope, vitality, and power.

It will be replied, of course, with some evidence of sincerity, that the censorship is not aimed at masterpieces but at the plainly provocative. There are unfortunately plenty of farces and comedies that are cheap and nasty. But if public opinion and the self-respect of actors and playwrights do not eliminate them a censorship will not. The distinction between "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and the lowest sort of music-hall comedy is real but the history of any censorship as applied to any of the arts teaches us that in actual practise that distinction is not and cannot be made. The State would never appoint censors who were intellectually capable of making that distinction. The censors would necessarily be men and women who entertain a common and dangerous fallacy concerning the nature of the moral life. That fallacy is that the moral life can be the product of a series of prohibitions. But nature itself forbids that. The world is full of things. An over inludgence or a wrong indulgence in any of them brings disaster. But abstention from them means death. There is not an instinct of man that cannot be perverted nor an activity that cannot be abused. The risk must be taken. The moral world is an experiment and an adventure; it is neither an incubator nor a hospital ward. Temptation and danger are the price of its victories and Milton's fugitive and cloistered virtue is as futile as it ever was. It is, indeed, no virtue at all. It is useless and sterile and once freed from its cloistered condition becomes the most deadly of vices through ignorance and lack of exercise. The processes of the moral and artistic as of the biological world are creative ones. The new virtue seems a vice to the dark and lagging majority, the new form no form at all, the new truth a heresy or a blasphemy. To silence the arts at all is to be in danger of silencing them altogether; to attempt to curb the creative processes is to misconceive of their very nature and to substitute a machine for an organism, death for life.

Blunt

WHAT is the real and true England? There are tangled stocks in that nation: Celt and Scot and Dane and Norman, with more recent bloods from many quarters. The island is the home of superb society and of sodden slums; of the widest travelers and of the tightest insulars; of beautiful barbarians and of the Nonconformist conscience; of London docks and Birmingham factories, and of Oxford and Canterbury and Westmoreland and Wessex; of *Punch* and poetry. It is the home at once of David Lloyd George and of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

In a sense the last antithesis is the most complete. To the infinite opportunism of Mr. George, his chameleon adjustments to the color of the moment, his weathercock adaptability to the wind of the hour, his inability to draw breath except with the majority, his confident success in making deft ignorance look like solid wisdom—to all this Mr. Blunt opposes a rectitude that never flinches no matter what the consequence, a knowledge without remediable gaps, a downright speech made up of necessary words, a perfect willingness to go with the nakedest minority when its cause is just. How the two men have crossed paths in their careers! Mr. George, lifted up from the ranks on the shoulders of the radicals, has become the most successful reactionary in European politics; Mr. Blunt, the great landowner of Crabbet Park, Sussex, married to a grand-daughter of Byron, breeder of famous Arab horses, adventurer in difficult lands, has given himself to one righteous unpopular issue after another until he is a hated figure of whom no Englishman can be too proud and no foreigner too envious. He espoused the cause of the Egyptian Nationalists even when they made war on England; he espoused the cause of Ireland and went to prison for it; he sympathized with Mohammedan aspirations before England ever dreamed there might be a Pan-Islamic movement; he defended the Boers (as Lloyd George did then); he saw from the first that the World War was the natural result of the imperialistic scramble of Europeans in Africa and Asia and has never hesitated to accuse England as a guilty accessory in that scramble. He has been the voice of neglected justice crying aloud in the wilderness of the British Empire.

Alfred A. Knopf, by reissuing in America the two handsome volumes of "My Diaries: Being a Personal Narrative of Events, 1888-1914," has done more than supply this country with the most interesting and important book coming out of England in 1921: he has helped make the personal literature of the race richer through the revelation in this book of a great character contending against a thousand odds and sustaining the defeat which in the end is always victory. There is such God's plenty in the book as quite beggars quotation. Mr. Blunt writes about literature and sport and politics from the inside, as one born to those manners, intimately acquainted and informed. How the grand style loses its hollow luster at this close range! How inflated reputations suffer from these honest punctures! No man in recent times has done more by simple autobiography than Mr. Blunt to strip off the outward splendor of the age and to show its ugly skeleton. Yet he has been a poet and a lover, a man of property without selfishness, of courage without violence, of affairs without guile. Such men as he are the salt and leaven of the earth.

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How Can Europe Be Saved?

By JOHN F. SINCLAIR

EUROPEAN civilization, built by fifteen hundred years of the work and struggle of three hundred million men and women, is dissolving. There are no forces *now* at work strong enough to arrest the approaching disaster.

Russia has taken eight years to complete the wreck. Her cities have passed; her fields are idle; thirty million of her peasants, according to Miss Anna Haines, head of the Russian Friends' Relief, are starving to death in the most appalling famine disaster which history records; and these unfortunates are the rural peasants—actual tillers of the soil. The industrial organization has broken down completely and Russian money, both inside and outside of Russia, is worthless. An American dollar in 1914 would purchase two rubles. Now it will buy 200,000 of them.

Austria in eight years has fallen from the center of a prosperous empire of fifty millions to a wretched country of about one-tenth its original size and with one-eighth its original population, with her old economic unit hopelessly shattered. In eight years (1914 to 1921 inclusive) she inflated her currency from two and a half billion kronen to seventy-five billions—all paper money, no gold or silver. In 1914 an American dollar would buy five kronen; in December, 1921, it would purchase 3,900 kronen. In 1921 Austria raised only 15 per cent of what she must have in order to live. The balance she must import; but her money is valueless outside and she has no further credit to purchase the 400,000 tons of foodstuffs necessary to keep her people from starving this winter.

Poland, in 1919, established a new national currency, assuming certain of the obligations of the old Russian regime. This original amount of three billion marks has grown to the stupendous amount of over sixty billions, all in a short space of two years. Meanwhile trade has ceased. For the year 1921 the Polish government budget expenditures amounted to 209 billion Polish marks, with an estimated revenue of 135 billion marks. The disastrous condition of her finances is mainly due, according to John Moody, "to her pronounced military policy and her mounting military expenditures."

Italy tells a similar story. In 1914 the circulating medium was less than two billion lire, amply protected with a large gold reserve. By 1918 it had been increased to eight billions and *since* the armistice it has been further increased to over fifteen billions. The American dollar will purchase four times as much Italian money as before the war. Can we expect trade to be resumed by Italy with us with such a handicap?

Take Spain, a country not influenced directly by the war. Her paper currency increased from 1,900 million pesetas before the war to 3,920 millions on July 30, 1920, and to 4,160 millions one year later. The peseta originally was worth 19.3 cents; it is now worth about 13 cents, a decrease of 35 per cent.

In France the circulating medium rose from six billion francs in 1914 to thirty-four billions in 1919. And since the armistice it has further increased to about forty billions. But this does not include her constantly increasing and just as dangerous floating debt. Her budget for 1922 does not balance by 2,500,000,000 francs; and yet her army and navy are costing France 4,500,000,000 francs annually. The franc has depreciated 58 per cent.

But Germany is the key to Central Europe. What is her real under-the-surface condition? In 1914 Germany had outstanding, including floating debt, about five billion marks, against which she carried a 70 per cent gold reserve. In 1919, when the war closed, she had outstanding twenty-seven billions, and the mark had gone down in value from 23.82 cents to 11 cents. By December, 1921, this had increased to the enormous total of one hundred and eight billions with less than 1 per cent gold reserve. The mark is now worth about half a cent. In addition the floating debt stands in round figures at 245 billions, while this item shows that Germany's Government had gone behind in expenditures over receipts during the past eighteen months an average of over six billion marks each month. This does not include reparation payments. She is going backwards into the morass at an appalling rate. The dollar purchased four marks in 1914; now it purchases 180, or forty-five times as many. Peter Grafsmann, president of the Labor Union Federation of Germany, stated to the writer that the cost of living had increased fifteen to twenty times over pre-war prices while wages had increased seven or eight times. The standard of living of the workingman is going down, having already reached from one-third to one-half of what it was two years ago—at the time of the Revolution.

But what about Great Britain? Has she escaped the disaster which has befallen the rest of Europe? No, she must be included in the sorry circle with the rest. According to Mr. Lloyd George, there is more unemployment and suffering in England today than at any time since the Napoleonic wars. Of her trade, 58 per cent is export—but today it is at a standstill. German goods are flooding her markets and one by one her factories are closing. Britain's expenditures are a million dollars a day more than her receipts and her treasury is empty. Perhaps there are better days coming—yes, and so is winter and cold and starvation. Which will come first? Europe's fate hinges on the answer, and with it perhaps the fate of modern civilization.

Enough has been cited to show that Europe is now in a desperate condition. She is sick, very sick, and has been growing worse, not better, since the armistice. How much lower can the living for the middle and lower classes go before the thing collapses? Surely not a great way further. And, if the system *does* collapse, Europe cannot support half of her population. Then what will happen to the surplus 150 millions of people? These surplus people, the average ordinary kind from every land, cannot march overland to vacant lands, for except eastward they are surrounded by water. To the east lies the land of Russia, guarded by the finest and largest army in Europe. To the west lies the Atlantic. Granted that this vast horde could arrive safely at a place of embarkation, how many ships would be necessary to transplant 150 millions during a twelve months' period when the crash comes? Just fifty times as many as are available in the world today. The plain fact is, then, that millions of these people would die of starvation and they would continue to die until a more primitive type of social organization had totally destroyed the surplus population.

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That is the alternative if Europe and the world do not check the present downward movement of European civilization. I do not yet say that this civilization cannot be saved, but I *do* say that bold, determined leadership must soon assert itself with a concrete, definite, constructive, united program, supported by at least the peoples of Europe. That is her and probably our salvation.

At the very beginning there must be a definite determination to look at this as one problem—the rebuilding of a united economic unit. The baser passions of hate and envy, aroused during the war, are still fighting this idea. "A house divided against itself cannot stand"; neither can a world so divided. There should be no economic barriers between nations; free-trade intercourse must come.

Granted, then, that the remaking of a whole continent, wrecked, war-torn, and weary, is the thing wholeheartedly desired by the world, what suggestions can be made?

In the first place every student of European conditions today is agreed that there can be no change for the better so long as currency inflation continues. When the war stopped it was thought that deflation would set in immediately and the currencies would return within a few years to their old ways. But the reverse has happened. Budget-balancing since the war has in almost no instance been successful. The figures given above tell a terrible story, because the European patient can never recover, instead will grow steadily worse, while this condition lasts. There is no hope for Europe—none whatever—while the expenditures in each nation exceed the receipts. In my opinion Europe cannot pay interest on 200 billions of dollars of debt and expect to recover. The burden is too heavy for production to shoulder. An interest tax of one billion dollars a month would have been too large for Europe even in her most prosperous days. How much more true is that today. European debts, both internal and external, should be either suspended for a period of years or else canceled altogether. This latter agreement could be made contingent on cutting expenditures, including those on armies and navies.

In the second place, and dovetailing closely into the stopping of inflation, Europe will be compelled to adopt as a definite policy for its own salvation the drastic limitation of its enormous expenditures on armies and navies. Eight billion dollars was spent in 1921 on the war budget after $350,000,000,000 had been spent in the great war *to end war*. If national debts long recognized as legal are to be canceled because the burden of carrying one billion dollars a month interest charges on European society would result in financial and moral disintegration, what excuse is there for those European governments which have increased their war budgets, such as France, England, and Poland?

In the third place, having in mind a United Europe, the German reparation payments should be changed so as to provide for either a suspension for five or more years, or a total cancelation of all payments, both principal and interest. It is not possible to figure out an equilibrium for Europe so long as this large threatening cloud overhangs. Economists and financiers are nearly unanimous in stating that from a financial point of view the reparations are a failure; that such a policy results in destroying goods-values and enormously increasing unemployment; in a loss far greater than any advantage secured. Europe will never become settled so long as the middle and lower classes in Central Europe are becoming more and more degraded and unsettled, directly due to such a policy.

And then in the fourth place European money is so debased that it is becoming harder and harder for her to purchase from countries like us whose currencies are expensive. It will be necessary for Europe to save Russia in order that Russia can save Europe. Russia before the war raised enough to supply Europe; in trade Europe furnished to Russia machinery and finished products. And so it must be again. Europe cannot long continue to purchase in America. It will mean lower and lower prices for American farmers for live stock, cotton, corn, and wheat. But we may as well face conditions as they are. Europe's food salvation is Russia. So the blockade must be lifted.

If these steps, soon undertaken, arrest further economic deterioration, then other necessary measures can be undertaken. But let Europe continue to drift for the next three years as she has during the past three since the armistice and there is absolutely nothing ahead but the collapse of present-day industrial organization and the crumbling of our boasted civilization.

Austria's Financial Breakdown

By FRIEDRICH HERTZ

THOUGH Austria is not formally bankrupt and still struggles for her rehabilitation, the recent collapse of Austrian currency creates the most desperate situation possible. Before the war $1 was worth five kronen. From the beginning to the end of 1920 the exchange rose from 260 to 600 kronen for $1, corresponding to the increase in the banknotes issued. But in the summer 1921 the dollar began to soar and between August 31 and October 26 rose from 1,081 to 4,450 kronen. Strange to say there was during this period no unfavorable alteration whatever in general economic conditions; rather the contrary was true! The breakdown was to a great extent psychological. The progress of inflation was more a consequence of the depreciation than its cause. For every rise in foreign exchanges, effected by speculation or other causes, meant rising prices in Austria, rising salaries and other state expenditure, and therefore a rising deficit which forced the printing of new banknotes.

Now there are, of course, very real causes, too, for the financial difficulties of Austria. But any glance at her productive forces suffices to prove that the depreciation of currency is out of all proportion to the assets which she still possesses. Nobody will doubt that Bohemia is a great industrial country; yet Austria, even after she has been despoiled of her most valuable mines and industries through the peace treaty, is not much behind Bohemia in this respect, as the following table shows:

	Bohemia	Austria
Population, 1920	6,700,000	6,200,000
Number of factories with power and more than twenty workmen (1915)	6,544	6,287
Number of industrial workers, according to statistics of compulsory insurance institutions against accident (1913)[1]	745,289	740,000
Increase of above workers, 1901-1912	46%	59%
Number of all industrial workers according to industrial census, 1902[2]	1,192,391	1,101,373
Horsepower used in industry, 1902	546,269	585,637

[1] All workers in power factories and building trades are insured against accident.
[2] Including small crafts.

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Therefore there is really not much difference between the republic of Austria and Bohemia as regards industrial development, especially if we consider that Bohemia has 500,000 inhabitants more. Of course Bohemia, possessing a more fertile soil than mountainous Austria, is far ahead in agriculture and in mines. The minerals (including salt) produced in Bohemia in 1913, at prices then ruling, were worth 38.3 million dollars and in Austria only 17.4 million dollars. On the other hand, forests cover more than double the surface in Austria than they do in Bohemia.

Moreover, the importance of Vienna as a center of commerce and finance surpasses that of any city of Bohemia, and the transit traffic and the number of foreigners is much greater in Austria. Lastly, Austrian owners still control a very considerable part of the industries of Bohemia and the other new states which they have financed and developed. In view of this comparative strength it seems quite incomprehensible that the Czech krone at the end of October was quoted at about forty-five Austrian kronen.

Careful estimates of the productive capacity of Austrian industries, which I have collected from a great many experts, show that in the year 1913 the factories of present Austria produced an output worth 600 million dollars, which at present prices would amount to double that figure. This result coincides with the calculations of Dr. Friedrich Fellner, who estimated in a detailed way that the industries of the former Austria produced 1,861 million dollars before the war. Since new Austria has 34.2 per cent of the industrial workers of former Austria, her share would amount, according to this calculation, to about 600 million dollars. To this must be added the values produced by forests and mines, by banking, commerce, etc.

The food which present Austria had to import before the war amounted to about 50 million dollars, coal to 34 million dollars, raw materials and partly manufactured goods to 140 million dollars. It is therefore obvious that Austria really was able to defray this expenditure out of the product of her industries. Trade statistics for 1920 show that the excess of imports over exports amounted to about 50 million dollars, calculated in pre-war prices, or 27 per cent of the imports. But we must consider that the devastations of the war necessitated abnormally great imports of food, raw materials, and other goods. Moreover, Austria has great "invisible exports," since her low exchange attracts foreigners to buy articles and take them out of the country without trade statistics registering them.

Industrial exports are increasing rapidly, and there is still a great scope for Austrian industries since they did not produce in 1920 at a greater rate than about 38 per cent of their normal capacity. Even in 1921 productivity was still low. Iron works produced in that year about 40 per cent, machine factories about 60 per cent, tailoring, millinery, etc. (a specially great Viennese industry) from 15 to 20 per cent. This seems contradictory to the low rate of unemployment, but it was not possible to utilize the full power of workmen because of a great many difficulties. There is also a law obliging the employer not to dismiss workers without the consent of a court of arbitration. These difficulties hampering production are the main cause of insufficient exports and therefore of a low exchange. But in their turn depreciation and fluctuations of the monetary value are hampering production, for with a currency worth almost nothing no raw materials can be bought and any transaction involves great risk.

The roots of the evil are therefore not the lack of means of production or unwillingness to work, but the impossibility of utilizing resources as before the war. Everybody knows that Austria had to struggle desperately to get even a small part of her coal requirements from her more fortunate neighboring states, especially from Czecho-Slovakia which has received through the peace treaty the greatest industrial and mining districts of Austria, inhabited by a purely German population of several millions. It was this flagrant violation of the principle of self-determination proclaimed by President Wilson which caused all subsequent evils. For, with the coal mines of German-Bohemia, Austria would have been able to run her industries at full speed and would not have been forced to accept charity from abroad. Moreover the new states, created under the special patronage of President Wilson, put every possible obstacle in the way of commerce and traffic with Austria. At last this policy proved fatal to these states themselves, and they are now diminishing their trade restrictions. But in the meantime the Austrian currency has collapsed and a deep and invincible distrust in the future of a state, so mutilated, maltreated, and at the mercy of every neighbor, is pervading capitalists in Austria and abroad. This is the reason why any consideration of the great economic resources of Austria is entirely disregarded and why everybody is rushing to convert his kronen into dollars at any price.

Since more than a year the Allies themselves have recognized that immediate action must be taken to prevent a further decline of the krone in the interest of trade and social order in the whole of Central and Eastern Europe, and in order to protect their own trade interests. Many inter-Allied commissions have studied the problem on the spot and unanimously recommended to give adequate credits to Austria for the restoration of her productivity. The first prerequisite for such credits was the suspension of the general mortgage for reparations, laid on all Austrian assets by the peace treaty for a long number of years. No banker in the world was willing to give credit to a state burdened with such a mortgage. All allied and associated states have long ago consented to put off their claims for twenty years, except America where, however, the delay in adhering to this resolution has certainly not been due to any unfriendly feelings toward Austria. Austrians know the difficulties of American politics as regards European questions. Therefore hope is not abandoned that America, too, will consent to put off its claims for reparations and certain credits already given for a long period in order to enable Austria to find credit for her economic restoration.

Contributors to This Issue

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Intrigue at Washington—An Inside Story

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

Washington, January 9

THE Conference comes to its close with its highest drama, a drama of Oriental reticence and intrigue. The history of the Paris Conference is repeating itself. There the Japanese brought Mr. Wilson to surrender on Shantung. China mutinied, its delegates refused to sign the peace treaty. Japan went behind the delegates; it exerted pressure on the "kept" Government in Peking, and the Government cabled the Chinese delegates in Paris to sign. The cablegrams were not acknowledged. More telegrams were sent whereof the Japanese had copies. There were crowded hours in the Chinese headquarters in Paris, hesitation, wavering passionate debates, and demonstrations by student committees who threatened assassination. The delegates turned Nelson's blind eye on the cablegrams; they refused to sign. The Japanese made fevered plaints to the other nations represented, pointing out the irregularity of the procedure. The Chinese were courteous but admitted nothing; they did not sign. And the blank space left on the Treaty of Versailles for China's signature darkened into the blot that marked the document as a compact of infamy.

Now here in Washington there is again deadlock over Shantung. The lull that followed when the Japanese delegates were waiting for "delayed" telegrams from Tokio had but one meaning to those who understand their Far Eastern politics. Again Japan was going behind the Chinese delegation to Peking. There was not long to speculate. The first step was to set up a government in Peking that would be amenable. So Chang Tso-lin came down from Mukden—the brigand terrorist of Manchuria and Japan's paid protege. His arrival was followed by the resignation of the Cabinet. At his dictation a new Cabinet was formed headed by Liang Shih-yi.

To the Chinese Liang Shih-yi is known as the God of Wealth; he is commonly conceded to be the most sinister and unscrupulous and also the ablest of the old mandarins. It was he who in 1915 as Minister of Finance withdrew all the specie from the two government banks to finance Yuan Shih-kai's monarchical restoration movement, leaving those banks crippled and starting the decline that has led to the present financial collapse of the Government. It was he also who in 1920 obstructed famine relief until he got control of the national relief organization and then used relief activities to build up a new political machine. To get back into power he needed two things—military backing and the promise of financial support. The first he got from Chang Tso-lin, Japan's man. The second he could get from Japan at a price. The price quite obviously would be Shantung. That was why he was put there when he was.

Proof came quickly enough. Early this week suspicious messages began coming from Peking; then an outright telegram instructing the Chinese delegates to accept a loan from Japan to pay for the Shantung Railway, which was Japan's demand in the negotiations and which would allow the Japanese to retain control of the railway. Again, as at Paris, there were crowded hours. Fervid telegrams of protest went back to Peking from the delegation; hotter ones from the unofficial "people's delegates" here, calling for popular demonstrations of protest throughout China. Hasty calls were made on Mr. Hughes and Mr. Balfour and the Shantung negotiations were suddenly resumed in the faint hope that a settlement might be reached here forestalling a surrender at Peking. The Chinese had their Paris precedent to guide them and they ignored the instructions. Unorthodox and irregular, doubtless, but all Oriental political affairs are out of line with Occidental political logic. The Government had ruled and the delegates were the servants of the Government doubtless, but can it truly be called a government that has been imposed for the time by an alien power to betray the country it is supposed to govern?

They were strange unreal meetings, those three sessions that followed between the Chinese and Japanese delegates. The Japanese knew that the Chinese had had instructions to yield, and the Chinese knew that they knew. But the Chinese knew also that the Japanese would not dare admit that they knew, for it would convict them of intriguing in China's internal affairs and suborning treason—a charge that the Japanese have stoutly denied for years and that they would not prove against themselves under the embarrassing circumstances of an international assembly. But the Japanese, knowing, were uncompromising to rigidity, and the negotiations were permanently adjourned. By that time however the threat of popular risings began to take effect in Peking. The Government remembered the outburst that forced three members out of the Cabinet in 1919 over the same issue. It cabled the delegation here explaining that there was a misunderstanding. But that negotiations have ceased in Peking none would dare to say who knew the nature of Chinese officials and Japanese imperialists.

Officially, however, that is beyond the ken of the Conference. So far as it is concerned the Shantung negotiations have come to a stalemate and the good offices of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Balfour in mediation have been asked by the Chinese. To seek compromise is futile. Either the Chinese are given back the Shantung Railway or the Japanese are allowed to keep control of it, which is to say keep control of the province. Mr. Hughes can allow Shantung to remain where it was left by the Treaty of Versailles, or he can bring pressure on the Japanese, demand that they yield for the sake of the peace of the Far East and a better Japanese-American understanding, and if they refuse force the matter into open argument in plenary session, compelling each Power to record itself publicly.

The first is the easier; it will prolong the fiction of a successful Conference. But it will nevertheless, I believe, seal Mr. Hughes's political doom. The fate of the Four-Power Treaty is none too secure now. Those who have sounded Senate sentiment are agreed that only a few more votes are needed to reject the treaty. It has been generally conceded that the division of the Senate on the treaty will depend largely on the nature of the whole Far Eastern settlement. Well, it looks now as if there would be no Far Eastern settlement. If added to that the Shantung injustice is to go unredressed without so much as a protest by America's representatives, I do not believe the treaty will be ratified.

More important is the sentiment of the country as a whole. The organized cheering will not last forever. The press claque will soon be silenced; the critical spirit will soon

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be at work. Before many more weeks that which now only the specialists cry, namely, that on its political side the Conference has been a fiasco, will be generally recognized. But that alone will have no emotional appeal. Far Eastern questions in general are too complex and too remote for popular understanding or sympathy. Shantung is not. It is simple, understandable—a clear division of right and wrong. By the Shantung clause the Treaty of Versailles was most glaringly branded in the eyes of Americans and on it more than on any other provision I believe Mr. Wilson was repudiated.

By the same token the impasse over Shantung may be turned to providential use by Mr. Hughes. It may be his salvation. As I say, the Conference on its political side is a fiasco. But if Mr. Hughes makes an open fight for a Shantung settlement just to China and wins, the greater failure will be forgiven him. Even if he loses, he can go to the country with a good case. The worst that can be said of him up to now is that he has not yet made an honest fight on a single Far Eastern question. He has not even made sign of protest. Anxious for the appearance of success, he has risked nothing. Now he can retrieve himself. This gives him the opportunity for a grand flourish, a concluding gesture as sweeping as the one with which he opened. If he does not accept it, I take the risk of predicting that there will be as great a reaction of disgust in America with this Conference as there was with the Paris Conference; and that the national wrath will descend on Mr. Hughes's head more flamingly than on Mr. Wilson's, and deservedly, for his failure will be even more ignominious.

Publicity and the Conference

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, January 9

SENATOR BORAH, in his recent address before an audience of two thousand persons in this city, declared that the present Washington Conference was as secretive as the Versailles Conference. In this he is mistaken. This Washington gathering marks a tremendous improvement in the matter of giving out news. In the first place, Washington is smaller and for most of the correspondents there has been no language difficulty. In the next, the chairmen of delegations have been much more accessible, and, thirdly, there has been a much greater determination to see that the correspondents were informed. The Japanese, for instance, who at Paris were so inaccessible, have gone out of their way to meet the correspondents here, Baron Kato himself appearing on numerous occasions, with the aid of his interpreter. Finally, for several weeks past stenographic notes of speeches made in the committees have been freely placed at the disposal of the newspapers. This is certainly an innovation, yet I cannot see why, if these committee meetings are to be stenographically reported, correspondents should not be present to listen. We have had neither open diplomacy nor all the publicity that is possible. There ought to be more open sessions in such a conference and more public debate.

It is also a question whether there ought not to be an improvement upon the system of having a spokesman for each delegation who is not to be quoted. Mr. Hughes meets the correspondents every afternoon and answers such questions as he thinks he can properly reply to. Some of the questions asked him are foolish, some in questionable taste, and others would if answered require a reflection upon some other delegation. But Mr. Hughes can never be quoted; everything that he says appears as coming from "the spokesman of the American delegation," or as being the "opinion at the State Department." This camouflage deceives no one who understands the game and it has several times failed, as when it became known that President Harding held a different opinion as to whether the Four-Power Treaty covered the Japanese main islands from that voiced by Mr. Hughes. The press then broke right through the camouflage and told what Mr. Harding had said and what Mr. Hughes had said and no one was punished or rebuked for it. It is not an easy situation. Mr. Hughes has done his best to give news and has meant to be as frank and obliging as the system permits. But he has had to be silent many times and perhaps necessarily so on most days when delicate negotiations were going on behind closed doors.

By this I do not mean, of course, to defend secret diplomacy or anything approaching it. If there should be a succession of such conferences, every one of them should witness more and more publicity, more and more talking and negotiating in the open. There has been, naturally, much more going on behind the scenes here than has appeared in the dispatches. The negotiations between the Chinese and Japanese have had many ups and downs, yes, even sensational twists and turns, that have not seen the light of day. There will be an inside story of this Conference to be written by participants and press observers as there was after Versailles, and we may not know all that has taken place until some time has elapsed, just as we shall not learn whether anything at all has been accomplished until we know whether any of the series of treaties resulting from the Conference has been ratified by the Senate.

As for the correspondents themselves, they have been divided into two groups: the cynics, headed by Frank H. Simonds, with his inevitable French slant, and the optimists from some of the conventional journals and magazines who feel that the millennium has come much nearer. Between these extremes stand those who feel that the Conference has to date achieved about 15 or 20 per cent of what it could have accomplished had it been bent on genuine disarmament and determined to take long strides toward ending war. It will be time to judge how much the Conference has accomplished when it adjourns.

Mr. Balfour started in to receive the correspondents, and bore himself nobly until one occasion in the British Embassy, when he stood like a baited bull in the center of a circle of inquiring correspondents in the great ball-room. Everything went swimmingly until, when a pause came, a nasal American spoke up and said: "*Say, Lord* Balfour, tell us the population of the British Isles." Mr. Balfour, thus suddenly ennobled, scrutinized ceiling and floor very earnestly for some minutes and almost immediately thereafter other Britishers were found to meet the correspondents. The chief of these was Lord Riddell, about whom as much has been written as about any other figure at the Con-

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ference. He was careful to explain that he was not a government agent as he had been in Paris, but merely the representative of the British Newspaper Proprietors' Association loaned to the Conference in order to facilitate the getting out of news. Personally, he is very nearly an ideal man for the job as he is cynically humorous, witty, and affable, on good terms with everybody, extremely well informed as to the past and the present, while he knows just how to give out the news he is assiduous in collecting. To some it seemed as if he were merely a propagandist, but of this charge he is to be acquitted; at least he was no more so than any other spokesman for a country. It must not be overlooked, however, that he represents what is basest in journalistic life; his Sunday journal published in London, with an enormous circulation, deals in the news of the gutters. Not the least humorous incident of the Conference was the solemn mock defense of Lord Riddell's "ancient peerage" (awarded since Versailles) by one of his countrymen who insisted that, as beer had so often come into its own in the peerage, journalistic lubricity should not go without recognition. Lord Riddell himself did not hesitate to make fun of his own appearance in the pulpit of a Baltimore Episcopalian church of fashion in which he solemnly preached the sermon of a Sunday morning!

Mr. Hughes's conferences have also not been without their humor. There is one American correspondent who thinks that "M. Briand" means that the French Premier's first name begins with an "M." At least on every possible occasion he asks Mr. Hughes something about "M Bryand's" latest position. The correspondents so enjoy the joke that no one has explained to the questioner what the "M" really means. But the sensation of these meetings in the reception room of the Secretary of State was furnished by the veteran of all correspondents, the inimitably charming Henry W. Nevinson of the Manchester *Guardian*. When Mr. Hughes announced that France would consent to no limitation of submarines and auxiliary craft Mr. Nevinson asked if that left England free to build all such craft that she wished to. Mr. Hughes replied that it did. Whereupon Nevinson, looking more than ever like a figure direct from a canvas of Velasquez, drew himself up to his full British six feet and solemnly and loudly replied: "THEN SHE WILL!" Not even the Secretary of State could preserve his gravity, and Mr. Nevinson's private declaration of war upon France remains the hit of the Conference.

Asked the other day what man other than Secretary Hughes had made a great reputation at the Conference, my reply was: H. G. Wells. Certainly he overshadowed the English delegates, though there were many criticisms of his articles. Of course, he did not report the Conference; it was merely a background for his views. Even though it was evident that the interest of the series did not keep up until the end, his promulgating those views was one of the most worth-while things of the entire Conference. When its chief usefulness—its educational achievement—comes to be summed up Mr. Wells's contribution will prove to be very great. For at the outset he made people think; his gloomy views of the future of the world were of service in bringing our care-free and over-optimistic people to a better realization of the wreck which the world today is as the result of the war and one of the worst treaties ever drawn.

By contrast with his knowledge and skill few of the "trained seals," as the journalists by profession call the ex-statesmen, lady novelists, ex-diplomats, and literary "fellers" generally, who wrote up the Conference in its early days, shone in any degree. They faded away early to the great relief of the working fraternity. So disappeared soon the lights of French journalism who came with Briand, men like Pertinax and Lauzanne, writers of tendency with a far greater reputation abroad than at home. They did not begin to bulk with the Japanese, for instance, whose solid phalanx of fifty writers and correspondents contains some charming men and a considerable number of strong liberal tendencies. The Chinese group, though much smaller, has also attracted attention, perhaps in large measure because public sympathy is so with them in their fight for the freedom of their country. It would be difficult to find a more amusing speaker than K. P. Wang, associate editor of the *Shun Pao* of Shanghai; like others he burns with patriotic fervor for his ill-treated country.

As for the Americans, it cannot be denied that the contrast between them and the foreigners has not always been to our advantage. Our isolation in foreign affairs prior to the war did not lead to the development of a corps of political writers in this country as steeped in international relations and the significance of events political in other countries as are the French, the Dutch, the Italians, and the English. Even today the Washington corps is primarily concerned with matters domestic; not all went through the educative process of Versailles. Then, nearly all of our managing editors do not wish the development of men who write with a background of knowledge and experience in an editorial vein as does Frederick William Wile. If Pertinax took a job on an average American newspaper and tried to send in his views and opinions of events he would speedily be fired from the staff. Again, for most Americans the Far East is a closed book. Only the few men like Nathaniel Peffer who have lived there and speak the language of China or Japan really have the diplomatic history of the East of the last twenty-five years so completely at their fingers' ends as to understand at once that Mr. Root's five points for China, heralded by the ignorant as a new Magna Charta, are merely another of many avowals of virtue on the part of the Great Powers who have so persistently made a mockery of their professions soon after declaring them.

We shall doubtless have more American correspondents of the type of the representatives of the London *Times*, and of Mr. Maurice Low, of the *Morning Post* (who scored perhaps the biggest "beat"—on the Four-Power Treaty—of the Conference), Mr. H. Wilson Harris, of the London *Daily News*, and of Mr. J. G. Hamilton, of the *Daily Chronicle*, in the years to come, but only if some one can persuade our managing editors that expert training and knowledge in international reporting have a cash value and that these must be expressed by a well-informed and interesting personality and not by a merely mechanical reporter.

Finally, if all the truth about the Conference has not reached the public some of the fault lies deep in the nature of our press as well as in the methods of international relationships and the spell of the past. It takes a long while to break away from old customs and traditions and the old terms of a long since outworn diplomacy. Thus, it was very difficult for the best of the Englishmen to free themselves from their life-long habit of thinking in terms of spheres of influence and all the other cant and hypocrisies which have grown up in connection with the race of the imperialistic nations for world domination—a race that has cost humanity seas of blood and wealth incredible and is in itself the greatest scourge of the globe.

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The Diary of Sir Roger Casement*

CHAPTER VIII

Limburg, 15 January, 1915

LAST night I got a letter from Meyer. Meyer said nothing of Christiania, so I am as much in the dark as ever as to the meaning for Adler's sudden return and telegram to me and equally sudden return next day. What was the plot? The German F. O. are very peculiar people—and one never knows where one is with them.

My own course is not at all clear. Now that I have practically abandoned the idea of the Irish brigade, there seems little object in remaining in Germany. The Government will not want me, I am sure. Once the hope of the Irish brigade is gone, they will feel little interest in the other aspects of the Irish question. Those remain for later settlement—when, after this war is over, the great question facing *all* maritime nations will present itself more acutely than ever. The control of the seas by one Power, and that Power the least tied to European obligations, is a standing threat to the welfare of all the peoples of Europe. This war will demonstrate that. It has done so already. . . .

16 January

I have just had a long-distance call from Berlin from Mr. Meyer saying that he has written me "tonight" a letter "with some things of interest." I presume this will refer chiefly to Adler's return from Christiania and the "plot" there against myself with "ce cher Mon. Findlay."

Berlin, 24 January, 1915

I got to Berlin yesterday morning at 8:30 a.m., having traveled all night from Frankfurt, and came to the Esplanade Hotel to be near Blücher and also Lay, the U. S. Consul General, whom I wish to consult on my proposed letter to Sir E. Grey, denouncing the criminal efforts of H. B. M. Minister at Christiania. I also want to apply for American citizenship and find out what steps I can take in advance to procure it. . . .

I should have stayed at Limburg but for my anxiety over Adler and the strange silence of both von Wedel and Meyer in reply to all my requests to be kept posted. The reasons I now find out on arrival here—and they are not creditable to the German F. O. Indeed they are very discreditable. They have wilfully kept me in ignorance of a fact of supreme importance to myself and the cause of Ireland, and have taken possession of a document they have no more right to than to my purse! Moreover, Adler, I find, is back in Berlin for two days—and this, too, they did not let me know, although here there was some excuse, since I had wired I was leaving Limburg on Thursday.

But first I will record the sequence of events as I learned it yesterday from Meyer, then from von Wedel, and finally from Adler himself, whom I found at the Continental Hotel at 7:30 last evening. . . .

Meyer told me that Adler's sudden return, notified to me by the telegram to Limburg, was due to the fact that he had extracted from Findlay a written promise, "in the name of the British Government," to pay him, Adler Christensen, the sum of £5,000 sterling on my being secured and handed over to the British! This precious document, signed by Findlay on official Legation paper, Meyer assured me they had at the Foreign Office and would "show me" (!) when I called. I said I should call on von Wedel at 5:30. . . . Now I had got the convincing proof I should have to use it very quickly—to forestall the inevitable action the British Government would announce when Parliament assembles in February.

I went to von Wedel at 5:30 and after some delay Meyer brought several bound volumes of official papers (dealing, I perceived, with my visit to Berlin, and having letters of my own filed among them) and in one of these three volumes reposed in a special docket Findlay's pledge to Adler. It had already been numbered and sealed with a paper seal of the Foreign Office! . . . They had it in juxtaposition to another letter of Findlay's written to Count Oberndorff, the Minister, deploring the loss of a German torpedo boat in Norwegian waters. . . . The [Findlay] letter is the most damning piece of evidence, I suppose, ever voluntarily given by a Government against itself:

BRITISH LEGATION
Christiania, Norway

On behalf of the British Government I promise that if through information given by Adler Christensen Sir Roger Casement be captured, either with or without his companions, the said Adler Christensen is to receive from the British Government the sum of £5,000 to be paid as he may desire.

Adler Christensen is also to enjoy personal immunity and to be given a passage to the United States should he desire it.

M. DE C. FINDLAY, H. B. M. Minister.

I told von Wedel that the document was mine—my property—and that I should use it quickly, and outlined my intention of formally charging Grey with responsibility for a dastardly criminal conspiracy—and also of my intention to inform the Norwegian Government and to go personally to Norway to do so. He agreed, in a perfunctory sort of way. . . . He then began to talk of the heavy expense I had been put to in fighting Findlay and begged that I would allow the German Government to recoup me for all that outlay. I refused point blank. He urged and urged—saying we were a "joint cause." We were "all one" and fighting a common enemy. I pointed out only that it was quite impossible for me to allow the German Government to contribute a penny to me or my cause. . . . He then suggested that they should "pay" all Adler's expenses while engaged in getting this paper from Findlay—to which I declined to assent. I pointed out that the matter was one between me and the British Government and that Adler was my servant and I could not allow him to accept money from the German Government. He has already been given 400 marks to cover his expenses in returning to Christiania to carry out the Mjölnir incident. And they say he produced "no results" and they don't know why.

I left the Foreign Office at 7 after a talk with Meyer, who gave me a long letter from John Devoy of 1 January in New York and also one from Adler, in pencil, written in the train when he was going back to Christiania after bringing the Findlay guaranty. They had kept it for nearly three weeks!

I then went on to Adler and found him just writing a long letter to myself to explain things—this he gave me unfin-

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ished and I add it to the *dossier*. . . . His account of how he got Findlay to give him the written pledge is the most amusing one. He could have got plenty of money instead—£500 as "an advance"—but he swore and said he would not go a step further in the matter unless Findlay gave him a written pledge. Adler said:

I did this for you; you told me not to get money from him, but to do all I could to get him to commit himself in writing—so I held out. I swore at him, cursed him, and told him to —— himself (a fearful sailor's sarcasm)—and left him. He stormed and protested and said his word was that of the British Government and he had pledged it to me. I left the Legation and he sent after me and brought me back and remonstrated again. I was more and more rude and stalked off. As I got to the gate down the avenue the footman ran after me and said the Minister wished to see me. I told him to tell Mr. Findlay to —— himself and went on. Then a man came to the Grand Hotel and asked me to go to the Legation again—and so I went. Mr. Findlay said he would give me the written promise and I said: "All right, but here now I want to see you write it with your own hand," whereupon he sat down and did it, I standing by.

On getting this proof Adler tore back to Berlin, sending me the wire to meet him and informing me of the "good news." I was then at Limburg. 5 January Meyer met him at the station and to him Adler gave the Findlay pledge *"to be given to Sir Roger Casement." Meyer promised to give it to me and took it from him on this condition.* That was on 5 January, 1915—and although I wrote repeatedly asking to be informed of the state of affairs I got no reply from Meyer or von Wedel. They had determined to stick to the Findlay proof, for their own ends, and to bluff me out of it by offering to pay all Adler's "expenses"!!!

As to the Mjölnir voyage it failed because Findlay said that Adler *must* travel with me, so as to get hold of my "box of papers" and incriminating documents when the moment came. Findlay said: "If Sir Roger is alone, and he sees a man of war coming, he will throw the box overboard—so you *must* be with him to get hold of it and keep it for us." A wise precaution!

Adler went to Christiansand to meet the Mjölnir there on 9 January as I had directed him in the "new instructions." Findlay sent a special man with him to telegraph my movements, etc., after arrival. When, however, I did not appear on Mjölnir at Christiansand, Adler had to explain to Findlay by letter that, owing to his refusal to give him (Adler) the guaranty, he had warned me that I might not be safe on Mjölnir, so I had not traveled by her. This he had done from "revenge." Findlay accepted the explanation, and the position is where it was practically when I sent Adler back to Findlay on Christmas Day with the Mjölnir plot. With this great change—that I now hold the warrant of shame and ignominy His Majesty's Government signed by their own Minister in their name!

Adler says a good plan can still be devised to catch Findlay's ships. *Nous verrons.* I have caught more than that. I have caught the British Government in *flagrante delicto*—and with all the difficulties put in my way too by this stupid, pig-headed German Government. And now these men actually have the audacity, the barefaced audacity, to seize my proof and regard it as a "state paper" of their wretchedly run Foreign Office! Truly they merit all the opprobrium Billy Tyrrell heaped on them in the London F. O. that November day in 1912 when he was discharging his soul into my ears—and Lichnowsky outside the door and announced as he spoke! It is almost impossible to have true dealings with them. You never know their mind—save that if there is a wrong way to tackle a *human* problem they are likely to choose it.

This Zeppelin raid over the east coast is a proof. They rejoice at a silly exploit—that can only damage the German cause in the eyes of the world; for the English will represent it, through all their myriad channels of public perversion, as a "deliberate murder of women and children." I told von Wedel so—and after first demurring, he agreed and said that I had expressed his opinion. . . .

I told von Wedel last night that were I sure of getting over, I should return to U. S. A.; but the risks are too great. And yet I know not what to do. To stay in Berlin or in Germany, idle, inactive, and with the huge disappointment of the Irish brigade failure staring me in the face, and with no hope of further action by the German Government anent Ireland—is a policy of despair. Besides I have not the means to live here. Life is very expensive and I must stay at expensive hotels and incur constant outlays. It would be better to return to Norway—convict Findlay up to the hilt, get H. M. Government exposed, and if *necessary* return to Germany. . . . As I told von Wedel last night, no time should now be lost. Already three weeks have been deliberately wasted by this wretched crew at the German Foreign Office in their kidnapping of my Findlay letter. I feel I can *not* trust them—and that it is useless to rely on such stupid and selfish people.

27 January

I saw Mr. Lay, the U. S. A. Consul General, at 2:30 and asked if he would perform certain notarial duties for me. I want an established record of the Christiania affair—and certified copies of a declaration (my own), and, to deposit, copy of the Findlay guaranty. I did not tell him what it was I wanted, beyond to take an affidavit and obtain a certified copy of a document for purpose of record. He said he would let me know if his functions as acting British Consul permitted him to do this.

[To be continued]

That Passport Game

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

GOVERNMENTS of all sorts are a pesky nuisance from the point of view of the American journalist who considers it his divine right to travel where he pleases when he pleases. But in these days of high exchange rates and low-paid officials the passport bureaus of ordinary governments are easy sailing for the American. The magic word "American" inspires sudden respect in the subservient officials that haunt those bureaus. I arrived at an Austrian consulate on a religious holiday and found it apparently closed. A bowing official opened the door a crack, looked me over with care, evidently thought me too shabby to be important, and was about to close the door again when I mentioned the word American. His manner immediately warmed. What did I want? A visa? Well, it was not a business day, but he would see. (Business of slipping ten francs into his silent hand.) Yes, he thought it could be done. And it was done. For every American visa the Austrian consulate collects ten dollars, which amounts to some 3,000 Austrian kronen, and that is too much to miss,

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even on a religious holiday. At the consulate of a little Baltic republic they told me that I must have a letter from the American consulate before I could get an Esthonian visa. Now at that time I, innocently thinking the Soviet Government as easy as others, expected to go to Russia in company with some Communist friends, and I had no desire to call at an American consulate and tell about it. My passport made no mention of Baltic countries, and I had a suspicion that the American consulate would tell me that it was necessary to telegraph Washington for advice. So I assured the Esthonian attendant that American journalists were not used to such delays and conditions, and that I must have my visa at once. He bowed low and politely assured me that I would have to see the consul. Ushered into the consul's office, I began with a polite inquiry about the modern Esthonian paintings on the walls. The consul warmed at once, told me how to find the art museum in Reval, and granted the visa without further discussion. Citizens of other countries may have to submit to a catechism that goes as far as their grandmother's maiden name and pries into the intimate details of their business, but an American in Europe does as he pleases. The authorities collect a larger visa fee from him than from citizens of less fortunate nations, but they give him all the visas he wants, and thank him for the privilege.

And in fact, until you come to Soviet Russia, the one country with a really efficient pass and permit system, almost anybody goes about where he wants. The governments keep up the fuss and pretense, but they have no heart in it. Passports today are merely a convenient way of annoying people who insist upon traveling respectably. I started Moscow-wards at the time of the great annual pilgrimage of Communists to the Third International. These folk do not deign to ask their governments for passports, but they travel at will. Sometimes they ride first class, sometimes they walk; they get there. I crossed four frontiers with a company of Communists (and was stopped at the fifth, that leading into Soviet Russia). They made a great pretense of secrecy, but as a matter of fact, whatever the names they bore, a Duluth detective could not but have guessed their nationalities. Take the Frenchmen, for instance: you could no more keep two Frenchmen from talking together, loudly, in their own tongue, whenever and wherever they met, than—well, you couldn't even keep these Frenchmen from singing the Internationale all the way across the Baltic Sea, even in a port occupied by French troops; and the songs sung at the Reval station every time a train left for Petrograd would give Archibald Stevenson cold chills for weeks. But these people passed all the formidable barriers of passport inspections and customs and all the rest with a mysterious ease born in part of sympathy on the part of bored petty officials and watchmen. When the crew of a German ship learns that its company is solid Communist, except for one lone bourgeois journalist, it forgets the journalist, stokes doubly hard, and comes up in breathing spells to converse genially in sign language. A mere American is surprised at that, but more so still when the ship's captain pulls a hidden picture of Karl Liebknecht out of the lining of his wallet and shows it proudly to his Communist passengers.

No, the one effective barrier to free travel today is the frontier of Soviet Russia. It can't be crossed without a permit from some high mogul in Moscow. Soviet officials in the border countries are sometimes rather soiled and unshaven, but their manner plainly suggests that tips would not help matters. The fact of being American merely aggravated the difficulty, and the profession of journalism made matters worse still. The Russians told long stories of American "journalists" in Russia; they said that Americans have a genial readiness to carry messages to long-lost friends inside Russia, and that sometimes the messages mean more than they seem to. In fact they seemed to think it probable that any American journalist who wanted to go into Russia was a spy and a counter-revolutionary. You could not lord it over these extremely young and utterly unsubservient officials; you had to convince them that you were honest, and the two ways of doing that were either to sit in Reval or Riga or some border capital for a month or two while they looked you over and watched you, or to have some friend in Moscow plead your case. But you lost hope rapidly; there were too many disconsolate souls who had spent weeks at the futile pastime of being watched. You can cuss the Soviet Government for inefficiency if you like, but you have to hand it to it on the passport question. In the matter of sifting would-be immigrants, the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Government has all bourgeois governments beaten to a frazzle.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter never did have much of a head for statistics. He has forgotten how to do square root, but he thought he knew a little simple arithmetic. Captain Emmett Kilpatrick's arithmetic worries him. Kilpatrick, it will be recalled, was the young Red Cross captain who, after fighting Russia on the Lithuanian front, undertook service on the Wrangel front and was captured—by a woman, the Russians say. After some months in a bolshevik prison he is now lecturing under the auspices of the American Legion. A friend in Montgomery, Alabama, sends the Drifter clippings about his speeches and announcements. He tells "a story which Edgar Allan Poe in his wildest flights of imagination could not have conceived." He tells of Moscow, "whose population of one million has been reduced to 150,000 souls," and adds that "there are, in my estimation, over 300,000 prisoners in the city of Moscow alone." Poe indeed could hardly have conceived such arithmetic—150,000, of whom over 300,000 are in prison!

* * * * *

THE Drifter has seen a letter from that grand old stalwart, last of the Vikings, Fridtjof Nansen. There was a delightful rumor that Nansen was coming to America. But it seems that it was only a rumor. Nansen is the man who moved the Russian prisoners back from Germany into Russia and the German and Austrian prisoners back from Siberia and Russia to Germany and Austria when all the world, busy blockading Russia, seemed to have forgotten that they existed, having left them almost hopeless in their prison camps long after we others had celebrated the armistice. Now he is coordinating Europe's efforts to feed Russia. He wrote from Moscow on November 20 that he was leaving to see the famine districts with his own eyes. "The world must be stirred out of its indifference," he wrote, "or there will come a day of judgment. I have done my best but it has not equaled my hope. Now I must try again, more powerfully than before. Europe's conscience must be

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stirred—I had not thought it as blunt as it seems. Well, we shall see. After going to the famine districts I return to Moscow. Then my new men will come from England and other countries and I must organize my central office here for all the relief agencies except Hoover's American work, which is separate. Then I go home for the New Year; but in January I must go to England again to lecture about the famine and stir the people and the Government in the hope of getting real help. If I succeed in that, I hope to get other countries too and to do something really effective to help the dying, even though it will be late." Meanwhile he yearns to get back to his own scientific work. The Drifter wishes there were more such scientists, such university professors, such statesmen—Nansen is all of these—in the world. If only, instead of little nations imitating the big, big nations would realize how often today the little nations are the vanguard of civilization, worthy of imitation rather than of bullying.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Tragedy of French Militarism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the past month I have been traveling in northern France in the devastated regions, dreadful to see as the ruins of so much patient endeavor, yet more dreadful to see because every train and every station is crowded with French soldiers. Across the new border the month before I had seen a proud and industrious race bowed in bitter despair beneath the yoke of unheard-of taxation. It has seemed to me again and again that if German militarism was wrong then so is French. If French militarism is right then so was German, and our soldiers turned the tide of battle in order that the German people might be forced to maintain the French army.

A few days ago I stood in a little American cemetery amid the crosses marking the graves of those who had died far from dear ones in a strange land; and on the hill above by the huge barracks French recruits were marching and countermarching. I remembered when in my home town the first draft contingent went to camp, fathers and mothers of every blood, and not a few of that of the enemy, sped their sons on the crusade against that tyranny of might to escape which they themselves had left their homelands.

I appeal to you to use the influence of your magazine, which you have so often so fearlessly directed in just causes, to the end that our fellow-countrymen shall not have died in vain.

Lucerne, Switzerland, December 7 JULIA E. WILLKIE

German Authors in Distress

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On October 1 I assumed the duties of Executive Director of the German Authors' Protective League (Schutzverband Deutscher Schriftsteller). This position has brought me into direct contact with the sufferings of our colleagues throughout the land. Our chief aims are the alleviation of actual want, legal advice and protection, the moral and material reconstruction of our art and its exercise after the ravages of the war. Our moral influence is strong even today. But poverty limits our activity and Germany is financially exhausted. The German literary artist is not in despair. But the noblest and the most idealistic are, as you can well understand, in the direst need. Men of approved talent and noble character are inactive because artistic activity cannot be pursued in literal hunger and literal nakedness. Under these circumstances you will, I am sure, permit me to issue through your admirable paper this appeal to such men and women in America who feel that German literature has been a source of beauty and of good to them in the past and who may desire to aid the cause of its life and continuance today.

Berlin, December 2 ARTHUR ELOESSER,
Schutzverband Deutscher Schriftsteller, Berlin W. 35. Schöneberger Ufer 25

The Students of Central Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many people feel that the time has not yet come much to encourage the intelligentsia of Germany. Personally I believe this feeling unjustified. A summer spent largely in German educational centers has convinced me that, although the German professor is usually a reactionary monarchist, the student bodies are the most constructive liberal group of people in the republic. However this may be, there surely can be nothing but sympathy with the thousands of students in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia, Latvia, and Vienna. With my own eyes I have seen thousands of students living in unheated and unsanitary barracks and abandoned warehouses, underfed, in scarcely more than rags, sacrificing incredibly that they may contribute to the reconstruction of a devastated Europe trained intelligence and technical skill.

These are the most forward-looking and most worth while of the next generation in Central Europe. Not only do they need our assistance as charity rendered to starving and suffering people, but the assistance of them by our younger and more forward-looking people furnishes an unexampled opportunity for promoting international comradeship. It seems to me no exaggeration to say that there has been more contributed toward international peace and understanding in the last year by the relief work done among educated people in Central Europe by the World Student Christian Federation than by any other single agency.

Annandale-on-Hudson, December 16 BERNARD I. BELL,
President of St. Stephen's College

What About the Railroads?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Occasionally one of the leading railroad men makes a statement pleading for freedom from government interference, from the demands of the labor unions, for greater confidence on the part of investors, and, formerly but not latterly, for higher rates. These statements are often printed on the railway time-tables. They touch lightly if at all on economy or efficiency of management, seeming to assure that there is nothing more to be desired in these particulars. Little is heard from the experts in railroad engineering and mechanics, and it has seemed to be generally assumed that the engines and cars on the through lines of American railways are the best in the world and models of mechanical design.

Under these conditions the statements of such a man as Mr. Henry Ford are of interest and seem entitled to careful consideration. In addition to commenting on the financial and administrative features of modern railroading in the United States, he is quoted as saying: "Engines and cars are four or five times as heavy as they should be." He goes on to say that aside from this the designs of engines and cars are faulty in fundamental respects. In commenting on these startling views, Mr. W. D. Hines, a man whose opinions on railroad matters are supposed to be entitled to great weight, seems to admit the possibility that they may be justified. Mr. Ford is further quoted as saying: "The producers of iron and steel have had much to do with the development of railroads. The heavier the engine and the heavier the rail, the greater the consumption

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of steel and the greater the profit all along the line." This last savors of muckraking, but is it a just and fair statement of the facts, and if so what about it?

This is a pertinent question in large areas of this land of the free and home of the brave where we pay double Pullman fares and five cents, the pre-war price of a good cigar, or more for each and every mile we ride on a railroad. Old automobile tires now appear strewn along every highway, because the material though valuable is not worth shipping at the high freight rates which prevail, and this is only one example of the baneful effect of these freight rates, which, it is now admitted, have cost the railroads more through loss of business than they have gained.

But why should we guess about these matters? Is there no agency through which authoritative knowledge of the facts can be disseminated among the people? The files of the Interstate Commerce Commission must contain much valuable information bearing on the railroads. At the time of the recent threat of a nation-wide railroad strike the following statement was made and probably widely circulated among railroad employees: "The pay of railroad officials receiving $20,000 a year or more is one and three-fifths times as great as the pay of all employees receiving $3,000 or less." The reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that for the half year ending June 30, 1921, the pay of all officials and employees receiving $3,000 or more is about 3 per cent of the nearly one billion and a half dollars paid for wages and salaries. Conditions under which such false reports can obtain credence among even the lowest grade of section hands should not be allowed to exist. Publicity of the right kind is the remedy. But here we go year after year enveloped in a fog of uncertainty concerning matters which vitally affect the welfare of the people.

Prescott, Arizona, December 7 U. M.

Roger Casement

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In this week's *Nation* a Canadian woman refers to my brother, Roger Casement, as something of a "lady killer." Nothing could be further from the truth. No man had a greater detestation of that unmanly creature, "lady killer," than Roger; and he was much too busy at all times, both when at home and abroad, to trouble his head concerning woman, good, bad, or indifferent. Certainly I as his sister have a vivid recollection of very determined advances made by members of the opposite sex *toward him*, and also of his very brusque rejection; and I utterly deny he was more popular with women than men. As I lived for many years near our relations in the North, I am personally unaware that he was laughed at by them for his "poses"; but no doubt the Canadian woman knew more about us than we knew about ourselves.

Atlantic City, December 31 Agnes Newman

A New Name for an Old Disease

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I notice that you are criticizing the "Spirit of Nationality," and you quote Lord Hugh Cecil to the effect that "It is the curse of Europe." I would like to have someone define exactly the difference between "Spirit of Nationality" and "Patriotism."

If the "Spirit of Nationality" and "Patriotism" mean one and the same thing, why not attack "Patriotism" by name, or, at least, try to point out why one thing is holy and the other vile? It is through appeals to "Patriotism," and not to such a fine-sounding thing as the "Spirit of Nationality," that men blindly and crazily follow their leaders into the dreadful game of killing each other.

Boston, December 12 George U. Crocker

A Poet's Cup Runneth Over

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well, and hope you are the same.

I submit herewith a pome entitled Postlude: When the Dead Awoke. I have long desired to voice my emotions in verse, and due to my having assiduously studied last year's prize poem with meticulous care, I have gloriously succeeded! No false modesty will restrain me from saying I have not only equaled Mr. Rorty's outburst, but have far surpassed it! My soul floats in the circumambient ether of the empyrean!

I print my name so you may have no difficulty in drawing the check. Please note that the third letter in my surname is "u," not "n."

Regards to Jimmy Rorty.

POSTLUDE: WHEN THE DEAD AWOKE

On that day
When first I read *The Nation's* prize poem
And I said:
Blah! . . . Blah! . . . Blah-blah!
And my friend, Jim the iceman, coyly cooed:
Phooie! . . . Phooie! . . . Phooie-Phoooieeee!

O that day!
Rap! Rap!
O mama, 'tis the landlord, come for to get the rent;
Splop!
Baby's hurled his nursing bottle 'gainst the bedroom wall!
Put a quarter in the meter,
Find your way around the hall,
You're a better man than I am, iceman Jim!
Two generals are wiping the mud of last year's prize poem from off their uniforms
While alligators are crawling, creeping, pussy-footing through the slippery slime of foreign office diplomacy and
A wooly walrus warbles from a sweet cascara tree—
What he warbles I don't know,
Eenie, meenie, mynie, mo!

O that day!
I can see a waiter sitting on a heap of broken crockery, and he is cursing like a Rat-Wife and washing his hands in noodle-soup, and he is mad with loving the noodle-soup, and he lifts his benoodled arms like an anthropoid ape and howls as no adolescent rhinoceros ever howled since the world began.
Wow! . . . Wow! . . . Howl! . . . Howl!
Popocatepetl! . . . Ixtaccihuatl! . . . Flatbush!

O that day!
The music will give me a pain in the neck, and I shall say:
For Lusk's sweet sake, forbear!
And I shall want a thousand harmonicas and thrice three thousand instruments of ten strings, and how I shall gambol, caper, leap—yea, jazz among the kitchen utensils! How I shall belabor the greasy dish-pan with grandma's old soup ladle!
And the hailstones shall fall, and the janitor will quake, and fire shall fill the sky, and I shall awaken the neighbors and they will rap for quiet on the radiators, and the canary will twitter twit-twit—drunk with the fumes of home brew!
And I shall belabor the greasy dish-pan with grandma's old soup ladle!
Wang! . . . Wang! . . . Twit! . . . Twit!
Belabor! . . . Belabor! . . . Splop! . . . Splop!
Blah! . . . Blah!
Phoooieeee!

New York, December 28 Edward Teufer

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Books

The Roving Critic

NOW and then an honest superlative is both a luxury and a necessity, and I take real pleasure in declaring my confident belief that the worst book in American literature is one which was written by Milo Erwin of Williamson County, Illinois, and published at Marion, the county seat, in 1876 under the title "The Bloody Vendetta." Though intended to be an authoritative county history, it concerns itself chiefly with a feud which had lately flourished in the neighborhood between the Bulliner and Henderson clans, with their allies. Only ruthless quotation can do the work justice.

"On the morning of December 12, 1873, George Bulliner started to Carbondale, on horseback. The sun was standing against the murkey haze of the east, red and sullen, like a great drop of blood. The pearly, vapor-like sails dotted the sky, and covered the more delicately sculptured clouds with their alabaster sides. The great oak trees lifted their parapets to the morning sky, and spangled the earth with shadows. The voiceless winds swept the earth with sublime resignation lawless through the leafless woods, and a melancholy breeze stirred the dead ferns and droping rushes. A cold-scented sleuth-hound had followed the tracks of Bulliner remorselessly. This morning two of them, with stealthy movement, took their position near the Jackson county line in an old tree top, on the ground. There, planted on the spot, their ears drank in every sound that broke the air, mouth half open, ears, eyes, soul, all directed up the road to catch, if possible, each passing object. . . . Bulliner came riding along and one of the assassins fired on him; only two or three of the balls took effect in his hip and leg; but his horse wheeled and threw his back to the assassins, who fired on him again, and forty-four buck-shot took effect in his back, and he fell to the earth. The assassins then escaped. Bulliner was soon found and carried to the nearest house, and his sons notified, but after desperate riding John reached the place only in time to hear his father say, 'Turn me over and let me die.' He did so, and George Bulliner escaped from the cruelties of earth to the charities of Heaven."

A few months later David Bulliner, another son, was shot, also from ambush. "David was carried home by a host of friends, who had gathered at the gate. At the gate he asked: 'Is it a dream? is it a dream?' and each broken word gurgled up out of the red fountain of his life. His brothers were standing around, their faces sealed with the death seal of inexpressible suffering, and their hearts hushed in the pulsation of woes. His mother lay trembling against the casement, her heart throbbing with its burden of sorrow, while the issues of life or death were being waged in the soul of her son. His sisters were standing in the vortex of misery, praying for the dreadful slaughter to be stopped, and suing for happiness with the sunny side of life in view. . . .

"This was the worst murder of them all. No other equals it in heinousness. You may combine corruption, debauchery and all the forms of degredation known to inventive genius of man, and cord them together with strings drawn from maiden's hearts, and paint the scene in human blood bespangled with broken vows and seared consciences, and still it will redden Heaven with revengeful blush and leave you blacken hell to make it equal."

Thomas Russell, an ally of the Hendersons, was brought to trial for the murder. Here are sketches of certain persons present at the trial: "One of The People's witnesses was Miss Amanda Bulliner . . . about sixteen years old. She took the stand with a helpless and confiding look, her voice was a little softened by emotion, her rose-left lips curled delicately, but soon her clear, translucent eye lit up with a brilliant lustre. The shadows of misery seemed to depart. Her soft, round cheek dimpled and dimpled again, like the play [of?] waters in the sun, in the lovely and touch [touching?] assembly of charms. Her features were of classic regularity. Her presence seemed to shadow the place. So pure, so truthful, so charming her actions, that all pronounced her a most gentle, and most noble creature. Though never a jeweled wreath may span the curls of her beautiful brow, yet, happiness may as well erect its shrine around her, for Nature can no further gifts bestow. . . . One of the witnesses was the famous Sarah Stocks [John Bulliner and Russell had both courted her], who swore to threats. Her contour is not as faultless as a Greek goddess, but her form and features had caught some new grace from the times. Her eye was as clear and cold as a stalactite of Capri. She wore a sigh, and there is something in a sigh for everybody. But I will throw no shadow over her, for life in her is as mysterious as in the rich belle; and when the golden chariot of destiny rolls through the skies, she may take her seat among the great."

Yet all these charms arrayed against Russell could not convict him. He was acquitted and, though pursued by the Bulliners, got away. Fate, however, tangled him in the snare of Milo Erwin's prophecy. "If Thomas Russell is guilty, it may be that the almighty sovereignty, love, was too strong for him, and envy seized him, and John and not Davis [David] was the one he wanted to kill. If he could have wrung this lady from John Bulliner, and unstained her life, I doubt not if the shadow of his own would not have again darkened it; and inasmuch as he did not, it may be that the arrowy words wrung by the hand of passion from each of them were destined to hang quivering in memory's core till they festered and bled, making an irremedial wound, shaped in the red-hot forge of jealousy, and cured only by the exultant feelings of gratified revenge. These little bubbles of joy that jet up from the tumultuous waters of passion, soon evaporate, and leave but mingled dross and shame to fester and canker the mind of its possessor, who ever after leads a life of infamy and its accompanying wretchedness. Whoever committed the murders is the guiltiest of them all. It was he who with death first knocked at our portals, and with buck and ball opened the flood gates of misery, and let murder rush with living tide upon our people. And today his life is ruined, his hopes blasted, and sooner or later he will come to sorrow, shame and beggary, and have the scorpion thongs of conscience lashing his guilty bosom as he promenades the sidewalks of destiny."

Consider the plight of the Bulliner boys, thus denied justice by the law. "Must they be driven to the bushes by this hard bargain, or be placed for a lifetime at the mercy of assassins, with their hearts enclosed in palisades of sorrow? They saw their father and brother shot down by vandal hands, and their own lives threatened by fiends stalking in midnight darkness. . . . What could they do but pick up the gauntlet hurled into their faces, and give vent to anger long pent up? . . . Embassadors were at an end. Words of menace and expostulation were exchanged for the thunders of the shot gun. . . . The god of the bushes had been invoked."

This is enough to justify my claim for Milo Erwin's book, but I must cite one anti-climax from the sequel touching Marshall Crain, who joined the vendetta and was later hanged for murder. "Soon after, Marsh's wife entered his cell, and he took her on his knees and embraced her. . . . Her eyes glittered with a metallic gleam, and the soft curl of her lips was lost in a quiver of despair. Her's was a deadly pallor. It was the incandescence, and not the flame of passion, that was burning in her inmost being. She would burst out into shrieks of great anguish, and then subside into sobs. She dreaded the heaving of her own bosom—dreaded the future and the world. If she could have died she would have been happy and holy in the hope of mercy. To be torn from a love made holier by past sorrows, was an insult to the attribute of Heaven. Marsh was in his sock feet, with a pair of jeans pants on, and a ragged jeans coat. He looked care-worn, and shed a few tears."

CARL VAN DOREN

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Boswell or Boss?

Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him. By Joseph P. Tumulty. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.

THE frontispiece of this book is characteristic. It represents Mr. Tumulty with the President at the signing of a treaty. The Secretary leans over the President's shoulder with an expression of mingled guardianship and approval, while the President meekly signs "on the dotted line." The opening chapters of the book describe Mr. Tumulty's apprenticeship and early activities in politics, and not Mr. Wilson's. And as the story proceeds we are reminded on every page of the beneficent, kindly, corrective influence that the Secretary exerted on his chief. "The first test of my official connection with the Governor," says Tumulty, came at the time of the choice of a United States Senator by the legislature of New Jersey. "I found in this little argument with the new Governor that he was open-minded and anxious for advice, and I thereafter felt free to discuss matters with him in the frankest way." Mr. Tumulty takes Mr. Wilson wholly into his confidence. Henceforth it is a partnership. "*We* conducted politics on higher levels during the eight years in the White House, where my chief, no longer an amateur . . ." Mr. Wilson had caught up with Tumulty!

In spite of this intrusive egoism, however, Mr. Tumulty's book is of great value. No person was in a more favored position to know the workings of President Wilson's mind than his private secretary. Pages of intimate conversation between the two men reveal to us the President's doubts, perplexities, plans, and determinations in the most weighty matters of responsibility. We are allowed to see the President's "mind in the making" and to share the depressions and triumphs which he shared with his Secretary. Sometimes we feel that we should like to have more exact documentation of the President's views expressed in these colloquies than Mr. Tumulty's recollections. Would so great an expert on our Congressional government as Mr. Wilson have said, for example: "It is easy for me as President to declare war"; or would he have told Tumulty that Secretary Lansing "participated in all the conferences" of the Peace Commission at Paris? Mr. Tumulty does not tell us whether the reports of the long talks which he had with the President are copied from notes or jotted down from memory. Aside from its value as a revelation of the more intimate side of the President (see especially Chapter XLIV on Wilson—the Human Being) Mr. Tumulty's book furnishes us with some important new material, such as Mr. Wilson's confidential address to the foreign correspondents at the White House in April, 1918, and a long address to the members of the Democratic National Committee in February, 1919, commenting on the Republican election of the previous November.

We are naturally not surprised that Mr. Tumulty gives a most favorable interpretation of all President Wilson's policies. The Mexican imbroglio, the legislative program of 1913-14, preparedness, the refusal to Roosevelt, Shantung, the fight on the treaty—Wilson was wholly right on all these points, and many more. Only once did he fail in wisdom, when, against Tumulty's strong urging, he refused, on the ground that demobilization was not yet accomplished, to use his contingent power to put an end to war-time prohibition. On one other occasion he was kept on the right path only by considerable pressure from the Secretary, namely, when he was inclined to receive overtures from Chancellor Max of Baden as the Kaiser's mouthpiece, but was won over to the uncompromising demand that no proposition should be entertained from a German government that had not repudiated the Hohenzollerns and all their works.

Some incidents in Mr. Wilson's public career that meet the hearty approval of Mr. Tumulty seem to us to raise questions of political ethics. The president of Princeton allowed himself to be nominated for the governorship of New Jersey by the "Old Guard," the bosses of the Democratic State machine. When challenged by the Progressive George L. Record to repudiate the bosses (Smith, Nugent, Davis), he hesitated for a time. The announcement of his intention to answer Record was made in an "aside" to Tumulty while they were riding in the same campaigning automobile with Nugent. "Mr. Wilson pointed his finger at Nugent and said very significantly: 'I intend to reply to Mr. Record, but I am sure that it will hurt the feelings of this fine fellow.'" This "fine fellow" and his associates were soon afterward called "warts on the body politic." "Thus we began patiently," says Tumulty (with scant regard for his metaphor), "to build a backfire in the ranks of the Democratic organization itself to unhorse the Essex boss" Jim Smith. Again, on the introduction of the McLemore resolution forbidding American citizens to sail on passenger ships belonging to the citizens or subjects of the belligerent nations (January, 1916), President Wilson wrote to Senator Stone of Missouri: "You are right in assuming that I shall do everything in my power to keep the United States out of war . . . and so far I have succeeded. I do not doubt that I shall continue to succeed. . . . We have had no reason to question their [the Central Powers'] good faith or their fidelity to their promises in the past [!], and I for one feel confident that we shall have none in the future." Yet, after delivering his war message to Congress in the spring of the following year, Wilson, "in discussing the step he had taken," turned to his Secretary and said: "Tumulty, from the very beginning I saw the end of this horrible thing, but I could not move faster than the great mass of our people would permit." If the remark to Tumulty is genuine, the letter to Stone is a prevarication. Exception might be taken, also, to Wilson's *volte-face* in regard to the appointment of a personal friend of Senator Reed's as postmaster of St. Louis. The man was unacceptable to the Department. President Wilson, in order to show that he had no hard feeling toward the Senator from Missouri, first replied: "Senator, I will allow you to name any other man . . . and I will appoint him at once without making any inquiry or investigation whatever as to his qualifications" [!]; and when the Senator insisted that he would not abandon the fight for his friend, even at the request of God Almighty, the President "walked over to the telephone which stood on my desk, called up the Postmaster General, and directed him to send over to the White House at once the appointment of Senator Reed's friend for the postmastership of St. Louis." It doesn't sound like Wilson—but we have no reason to doubt Tumulty's veracity.

Of course, the Secretary selects from a vast number of recollections, conversations, and notes just what he needs for his picture of the President. He does not tell us the story of the Harvey-Watterson correspondence. Nor does he make clear the reason for Colonel Harvey's attack on Wilson in the New York *Times* early in the Administration, which prevented the President from offering Harvey the French ambassadorship as an earnest of reconciliation. The obvious discrepancies between the peace of Versailles and President Wilson's insistent principles of world settlement as announced in his reply to the Pope (August 27, 1917) and his Metropolitan Opera House speech (September 27, 1918) are passed over in silence. On the other hand, we question whether Tumulty's bitter attack on the dead McCombs was necessary for the vindication of President Wilson.

There is an occasional ineptitude in the arrangement of material (pp. 83, 147, 263) and a confusion of dates (pp. 400, 401), though the only serious error is in dating Theodore Roosevelt's plea for neutrality in the *Outlook* September 23, 1915, instead of 1914 (p. 227). The context of the quotation shows that the date 1915 is a misprint, but to the casual reader the impression is conveyed that Roosevelt was urging "entire neutrality" more than four months after the sinking of the

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Lusitania! Of course, it was ungenerous for some of Mr. Tumulty's critics in the New York *Times* to charge him with deliberate falsification in this slip in a date. Why Mr. Tumulty says that the Joline letter of April 29, 1907, was written "at the time of the split in the Democratic Party over the silver question" we do not know; or why he says that the ominous ending of Wilson's short message on the repeal of the Panama tolls "to this day remains unexplained." For not only did Mr. Wilson "explain" in the *World's Work* that he meant nothing but what he said, but in his conversation over the matter with Tumulty himself he is reported to have said: "As a matter of fact, we are in bad with various nations of Europe by reason of our attitude on the Panama tolls, and some unforeseen contingency may arise where it will be found that the reason for their withdrawal of friendship for us was our petty attitude in this matter." Tumulty twice writes the name of Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy *Wells*, and allows "to we of the immediate party" to pass the page proof.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

Among Those Seen on the Avenue

Mr. Punch's History of Modern England. By Charles L. Graves. Frederick A. Stokes Company. Vols. 1 and 2. $10.

Act One

IT was a cold night of October of the year of grace 1921. The Avenue of Time lay deserted. The mighty old palaces lifted their dark roofs toward the wintry sky. Their shutters were drawn tight. Their former occupants were gone. The unpaid flunkeys had long since left the cheerless basements. All was still as I hastened to my evening class in the Success School of Business Efficiency.

Suddenly I saw a light. A careless servant had forgotten to draw the blinds. In front of the window of a red brick edifice I saw a very old gentleman. He was reading a comic paper. He was chuckling to himself. He turned a page and I recognized the paper.

My heart was filled with sadness and I continued my way. But hark, a voice! "Pst," it said, "you there with the long nose, come over here." I looked and noticed the head of a man. He peered at me across a fence. It was a very old fence, not in very good repair and telling in uncertain letters that Theodore Roosevelt urged his countrymen to be thrifty for "thrift will win the war." The man behind the fence waved his hand at me and I crossed the Avenue. When I reached the other sidewalk the stranger was waiting for me.

"There," he said, pointing to the lighted window. "Do you know who that old fellow is?"

I looked intently. "His face seems familiar," I answered after a moment. "I seem to remember him. I must have seen him first when I was very young. I have almost forgotten. Perhaps I am mistaken."

"No," the stranger replied. "Your memory serves you right. You did know him once. But it was a long time ago in another and a happier day. But come with me and I shall tell you his story." He took me by the arm as we hastily turned down Eighty-third Street.

When we were sitting before two steaming bowls of hot milk my sudden friend took a mysterious package from under his arm. Carefully he unwrapped it and then he began to read: "It is fitting that a chronicle of social life in England in the Victorian Age, drawn in its essentials from the pages of *Punch*, should begin with the People. For *Punch* began as a radical and democratic paper, a resolute champion of the poor, the desolate, and the oppressed, and the early volumes abound in evidences of the miseries of the 'Hungry Forties' and in burning pleas for their removal."

It was early morning when he closed the book. "That is all," he said. "It was a noble beginning. It was a life devoted to those who were too miserable and too dumb to plead for themselves and then . . ." but tears filled his eyes and he could speak no more. I ordered another cup of hot milk and slowly he regained his former composure.

"Before we leave," I pleaded, "tell me one thing. Is there any hope? A possible chance of recovery? A promise of . . .?"

But my friend was gone. A hollow-faced scrubwoman asked me to move my chair that she might clean the floor. I buttoned my coat, for it was chilly. In Bryant Park men and women were sleeping on the benches. (*The curtain descends five seconds to denote the passing of eight hundred miles. The reviewer is back at his desk in Yellow Springs, which is in Greene County, which is in Ohio, where the Presidents come from. Before him, two handsome volumes and a box of Harding stogies. One of these, half-smoked, was responsible for the strange hallucination of Act One. Now, pen in hand, he returns to more serious business.*)

Act Two

Mr. Graves has done a good work. *Punch* has served as an historical stone quarry ere this. But these two volumes contain those things which we would like to know most of all. They give us the Victorian history of England, seen through the temperament of the humorist and the reformer. And they show us a picture of a society more defunct than that of Cnossus. The little statuettes of the Cretan capital show us that the people who lived twenty-five hundred years before the beginning of our blessed era had certain modern tendencies. But the actors and actresses in the first ten volumes of the London Charivari seem entirely devoid of ordinary human instincts. They are all of them the victims of a rapidly changing society. The Iron Man had been triumphant. Rural England had lost the battle and the unbearable smoke of the factories provided a daily topic of conversation for these wooden figures who roared at puns which would cost a modern columnist his job. They talked and they objected. They even flew into an occasional rage. But the Iron Man could not be stopped and in the end a compromise was arranged between the Squire and the Capitalist and they both profited.

Then followed two score and ten years of horror and misery. Children were driven to factories and were forced to work fourteen, fifteen, sixteen hours a day. The almshouses were emptied into the factories. The orphan asylums were emptied into the factories. Women were made to work at hideous jobs. It was a condition which shrieked to High Heaven.

The shriek was given body and volume by the group of men who founded *Punch*. They had convictions and they had the courage of their convictions. They printed Hood's Song of the Shirt when the author was poor and dying of consumption. They fought the battles of underpaid slaveys and were behind Dickens when he exposed the educational fallacies of the Dotheboys system. In short, wherever quick literary murder had to be done upon hypocrites, liars, and thieves, *Punch* volunteered for the job and dragged his prospective victim into the limelight of his wit before administering the fatal stroke.

These two volumes give us a running comment upon the history of England between the years 1841 and 1874 which we beg to recommend to the more than superficial attention of one hundred and ten million Americans. As a nation, we do not like history. It seems such a waste of time—a useless and unproductive study. If we persist in our ignorance, we shall also continue to be the great and glorious Oyster of the planet commonly called the Earth. We are and for years we have been at the mercy of every applicant for our sympathy who could tell a plausible story. During the days of the Roosevelt regime we promptly fell for the great Prussian Hoax, acclaiming whatever Illustrious Personages that August House deigned to send across the wide ocean and pooh-poohing those who had read in the history of Germany during the last sixty years a warning which promised little good for the near future. When the war

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broke out, the Prussian Hoax was relegated to the nearest bonfire. Its place was taken by wholly imaginary Josses which had been imported (in all haste) by the hard-pressed Allies. We were obliging. Again we worshiped.

Now the war is over and it is highly desirable that the next generation should know something about the underlying causes of these ancient and dishonorable grouches which continue to fill the world with confusion and the evil smell of gunpowder. Textbooks and ponderous tomes of World's Histories will not do us much good. They enjoy our respect but not our patronage. The work of Mr. Graves will make excellent reading for historical beginners.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Making the Mind Fit the Times

The Mind in the Making. By James Harvey Robinson. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON has long been known in this country as a pioneer and leader in the study of the history of ideas. But those who have followed Mr. Robinson's work have realized the more significant and pointed enterprise upon which he has been engaged. His real inquiry has been into the origins of our contemporary intelligence, an investigation of those elements, historical and psychological, which have gone into the making of the mind. And his researches have constantly been controlled by one aim. Mr. Robinson, along with other thoughtful observers of the current moral and political chaos, has perceived that the one possible instrument of salvation is an application to human and social problems of that method of unfettered and unhampered intelligence which has been fruitful in the realm of molecules and chromosomes. Through his historical inquiry Mr. Robinson has helped reveal to us the sources of those passions and prejudices which prevent us from thinking frankly through to the solution of the problems of our own time. By making us conscious of the forces which operate to becloud and bemuddle our intelligence he has hoped, and justly, to contribute to its emancipation.

The volume under review is a wonderfully clear and stimulating summary of those layers of life and history which go to make up the twentieth-century mind. Few books written in the last generation will give the average reader a more vivid and informed sense of the possibilities and limits that his physical equipment, his biological heritage, and his legacy of traditions impose upon the mind of contemporary man. Mr. Robinson shows, with his eye constantly on the present, how our mental processes are both facilitated and deflected by the fact that we are always and at once, in our thinking, animals and savages and children. Nor does he less picturesquely demonstrate how much of what passes for thinking is the left-over and irrelevant formulation of an Aristotle, an Augustine, or an Aquinas.

Like animals we learn by trial-and-error, or, as Mr. Robinson aptly calls it, "fumbling-and-success." And human progress is conditioned by an animal trait, the impulse of curiosity that some of the race, fortunately, have possessed in extraordinary degree. Like our savage ancestors of thousands of years ago we still indulge in personification—"one of the most virulent enemies of clear thinking"; we think we are thinking when we play with the specters of Prussianism, Americanism, militarism, and socialism. Like savages we convert our dreams into philosophies and theologies, our nightmares into immortalities, our unreasoned taboos into moral prohibitions and "eternal principles." And in our adult thinking much of what passes for reasoned preference and aversion is merely a highly elaborate cloak of rationalization got up to cover the likes and dislikes we have childishly retained from childhood.

By far the most original part of Mr. Robinson's analysis, however, lies in his brilliant summary of the history of ideas in Western Europe, so far as these have left a permanent deposit in our current intellectual habits. He gives a striking picture of the emergence of the fine critical intelligence of the Greeks, which was limited and eventually lost because of the fixed social order of slavery in which it arose and because of the contempt for practical experimentation which it developed. He notes briefly the medieval deposits in our thinking, the pervasive otherworldliness, the taboo and mystery and moral contempt with which sex was surrounded, the aura of mystic confusion in which Divine Truth was wrapped by medieval allegorizers.

The thesis of the book emerges most clearly in Mr. Robinson's discussion of the Scientific Revolution. The astounding developments in the physical sciences have revolutionized utterly the physical conditions of our lives. They have given us the factory system, the railroad, the printing press; chemical food and electric light; they have knit together the remote parts of the world into one vast interdependent economic unit. To these unprecedented conditions we continue to apply ancient, irrelevant habits of thought; to a literally new world we continue to apply the old mind and the old methods. It is to this discrepancy between the world we live in and the habits of mind which we bring to bear upon it that Mr. Robinson particularly directs our attention. The theme is, as he says, "urgent and implacable," for it is only by bringing our intellectual methods in consonance with our situation that humanity can win the "race between education and catastrophe." It is in the light of this well-documented conviction that Mr. Robinson somewhat passionately denounces those agencies of incrustation, euphemistically styled "conservative," which perpetuate, from stupidity or lethargy or special interest, outworn intellectual methods. His whole summary becomes an eloquent plea for an education and a social milieu that will produce minds fit and free to solve the problems of our own day, to solve them with no other motive than the rational happiness of those millions on our planet whose lives have become, for good or ill, inextricably knit up with one another. It is a plea that, remembering fifteen million dead, we dare not, in all conscience, ignore.

IRWIN EDMAN

End of the Forsyte Saga

To Let. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THE saga of the "man of property" and of his tribe ends with a tale of star-crossed lovers. The tale is sharp with passion and passionate conflicts; its telling is like the telling of a legend, remote and beautiful and old. Mr. Galsworthy grows more and more into the attitude of a traveler from a far country amid the violences and crudities of life that affront his eye. He will not permit his sympathy to be alienated nor his sense of justice to be warped. He knows all that Wells knows, all that Rose Macaulay and the younger novelists know. His psychology is learnedly and admirably abreast of the moment. His smile is mellow and tolerant. He will not be foolish enough to strive and cry against what is. But his heart murmurs: "I have seen higher, holier things than these." His creative accusation of those whose granite sense of property has brought so much evil into the world runs to more than a thousand pages. But he is at one with them in this, that he, too, longs for "manners, flavor, quality," for a grace and a serenity which an older order possessed.

He loves beauty more than anything else in the world. That cannot be said of Arnold Bennett or of Wells. Nor has the sense for beauty in him become wholly identified with the sense for life as it has in the best work of Somerset Maugham. So there has arisen a conflict in him between the worshiper of beauty and the realist, the man of revery and the man of the world. He adores Fleur Forsyte's loveliness; it is an ache to him that she is—he uses the word and winces—a "flapper" of her special year and kind. He seeks to blend the two elements in his mind and art and succeeds. But the effort leaves upon his prose an elegiac tinge. His soul is full of sunset colors and he breathes with a gentle relief when, for a paragraph or two, he can withdraw into some pastoral spot and watch "the eyes and

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moon-white horns of a chewing cow in the warm dusk." Or else he withdraws to the quaint decor of a perishing age and writes such pages as those which constitute the marvelous fourth chapter—A Mausoleum—of "To Let." He lingers there and turns a little reluctantly to the glare and tumult of the vivid world.

His style is modulated in a strain almost too gentle and delicate; you almost expect to come upon the old pastoral phraseology and to find him speaking of dewy apples and of grass more soft than sleep. But he does not because of his constant temptation to the beauty which has peace at its heart spare himself or us the restless ardors and futile hurryings and sterile regrets which he has undertaken to chronicle. Tragedy comes to Soames Forsyte, but it has no power to reach that gritty soul. It wreaks itself on his daughter Fleur and her cousin Jolyon, son of that Irene who made Soames suffer without ever making him understand. The freshest beauty of these two lives is stained and broken by the old bitterness in Irene and the old dull vengefulness in Soames, and Mr. Galsworthy speaks the grave and tender epilogues of that history. He solaces himself with the fortunate love of Irene and the older Jolyon and lets a touch of malice steal into his elucidation of the affair between Annette and Prosper Profond. Better for these Forsytes, he seems to say, emptiness and regret than the squalid relations of the Latins. But that note of irritation remains the only one. He has set his story beside "the waters of change"; he has given us the ending of a period in the fates and nerves of men. His "Forsyte Saga" may have less intellectual mobility, less sparkle, less immediacy than the works of his contemporaries. It is beautiful literature; it absorbs the troubled lives of men into the serenity of art.

Drama

Ernst Lubitsch

LUBITSCH, the most distinguished motion-picture director in Germany, the creator of "Deception," "Passion," and other films that have set a new standard for the art they illustrate, *is short, dark, sturdy, athletic, eager but watchful from* within, tensely alive but without restlessness.

"How do you account," I asked him, "for the superiority of your effects?"

"The average German film," he said, "is not very good. I haven't seen enough average American films to institute a comparison. But most German films, like, I suppose, most films everywhere, are what we call 'Kitsch'—pinchbeck, shoddy. But there are a few directors in Germany who have a vision of an art and try to realize that vision. I have, for instance, just completed a great Egyptian film which I hope to place in America. Before we went to Egypt I had conferences with my art directors and they, in turn, held conferences with their staffs. The members of these staffs were sent to the archaeological museums to get our designs for costumes, weapons, ornaments, utensils. But these gentlemen were not, and were not supposed to be, mere copyists of museum pieces. They were asked to bring us drawings that were to make the relics vital once more and also to see them through the modern eye and soul.

"As in every art," he went on, "so in this new and problematic art of the motion picture there must be balance, there must be harmony. Many promising films are ruined by an undue preponderance of one of their several elements—the author is sacrificed to the painter or the pictorial to the dramatic.

"You observe that I am not, in any rigid sense, a realist or naturalist. But I am not an expressionist either. I can illustrate my point from the drama. I am willing to be a symbolist with Hofmannsthal. I love the suggestive rather than the cluttered. I went to see your 'Music Box Revue' here the other day and found a Spanish environment and atmosphere projected by a few simple but exquisite things—a shawl, a fan. That is a charming use of the symbolical, the suggestive. I am ready, at a pinch, to go as far as Wedekind in speed of notation and projection. But the expressionists who go beyond Wedekind seem to me rather wild and futile. And I feel just that way in the matter of the pictorial elements of the film.

"Mentioning your 'Music Box Revue' brings me to my special American enthusiasm. Your drama, I am told, lags behind Europe. I can assure you that the scenes, dances, choruses, decorations of your musical comedies and 'Revues' are unrivaled. They are superior to anything in either Berlin or Paris. And I don't mean superior in mere display that money can buy, but artistically. American dancing is the best and most beautiful in the world. The dancers that I have seen don't dance as though they were paid to do it, but as though they were artists practicing a necessary expression of themselves."

He was asked concerning the status and promise of the arts in Central Europe.

"There is much life but also much distraction. You Americans have no adequate notion of the ravages of the war. I don't mean only the physical but even more the moral ravages. For four years men lived with death and women with terror. All over the old Continent the bonds of society are loosened. Violence and ecstasy—a moment's forgetfulness at any cost—have become habitual. So, too, political and racial antagonisms have assumed a new bitterness. How can sound art ripen amid such conditions? But we strive as best we can."

Ernst Lubitsch himself is, as his words show, the best explanation of the excellence of the pictures he has directed. He is an artist in earnestness and intellectual quality. In motion-picture circles among us the word art is not heard. A serious utterance of it would generally be derided as an affectation. When Lubitsch says "die Kunst" it comes from the depths. That is his motive, mission, impulse, life. It is his faith and his reason for being. The best thing he has to give his American colleagues is not his specific ideas or methods but himself.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Germany's Burden

WE print below a translation of the principal part of the speech delivered by Dr. Hermes, the Finance Minister of Germany, in introducing a series of new tax bills in the Reichstag on November 4. After an introduction, in which Dr. Hermes said that the new taxes were estimated to bring in 40,000,000,000 to 42,000,000,000 marks of new revenue, he went on:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You will rightly ask me whether this sum, which can be raised only by laying the greatest burdens upon the tax-payers, will suffice after all to meet our obligations resulting from the peace treaty and the ultimatum. This question I must answer in the negative. You will already have seen this impossibility from our third supplementary budget. This completely disturbs the previous aspect of the Imperial budget. Hitherto 48,500,000,000 marks have been appropriated for the ordinary budget. Over and above this, new demands for 65,800,000,000 marks are now made. Hence the expenditures under the ordinary budget for 1921 amount to about 114,500,000,000 marks. A glance at the supplementary budget gives at once the explanation for this enlargement of expenditures. Among other things there are demanded 55,-100,000,000 for carrying out the peace treaty, 2,900,000,000 for increase of salaries due to high costs of living (this latter only for the officials of the national government and supplementary sums to the states), and 6,600,000,000 for increased donations for the states and municipalities. As compared with these enormous billion-sums the remaining demands are far lower.

What revenues have we to meet these gigantic expenditures under the ordinary budget? According to the previous estimates for the fiscal year 1921 [ending March 31, 1922] we expected 44,200,000,000 marks; and according to the estimates of the third supplementary budget a further sum of 17,000,000,000 is expected, so that a total revenue of 61,200,000,000 marks results for the fiscal year 1921. Therefore there is a deficit of 53,000,000,000 marks in the ordinary budget alone. Without the reparation payments the ordinary budget would show a surplus of 2,000,000,000 marks, inasmuch as these payments alone call for 55,000,000,000.

As for the extraordinary budget, substantial changes have been made in drawing up the third supplementary appropriations. From the costs for carrying out the peace treaty, which had figured in the extraordinary budget with 26,600,000,000 marks, 20,000,000,000 have been transferred to the ordinary budget. On the other hand, other items of expenditure show very heavy increases. Of the increased expenditure 19,000,-000,000 marks fall to the national railways. In this sum, however, is included 16,900,000,000 marks to be placed at the disposal of the states formerly owning the railways for extinguishing floating debts, this sum being an instalment of the sum to be paid for the national railways. The rest of the demands for the railways, namely, 2,100,000,000 marks, is due to the huge increase in prices and wages which began several months ago and a counterbalance for which could not be fully created in the 1921 budget. The total extra sums to be put into the railways and other undertakings in 1921 over and above their revenues are estimated at 37,900,000,000 marks. The total uncovered sum in the extraordinary budget for 1921, hitherto figured at 49,200,000,000 marks, will be raised to 57,000,000,000. The amount to be raised by loans by the Empire for the fiscal year 1921 will accordingly reach 110,000,000,000 marks. The increased out-go caused by raising the salaries of government employees as now projected is not included in that sum.

What shape the budget for 1922 will take, can, owing to the uncertainty of the situation, be predicted only with great reserve. The estimates hitherto made by the finance administration are shown in the following figures, which do not include the salary increases of officials. At present the revenues for the fiscal year 1922 are estimated at 97,700,000,000. The expenditures are estimated as follows:

In the general ordinary budget.....	69,000,000,000	marks
In the ordinary reparation payments budget	77,600,000,000	"
In the general extraordinary budget....	24,000,000,000	"
In the extraordinary reparation payments budget	12,000,000,000	"

The extraordinary budget is henceforth to contain only expenditures which, according to sound financial principles, should be met with loans. For the present the bulk of these consists of the 19,000,000,000 marks extra demands for the railways and post offices; they represent advances out of the general national revenues, the interest and principal to be paid out of the earnings of those undertakings.

The ordinary budget for the general administration of the Empire—exclusive of business undertakings and contributions—is to yield, after fully carrying out the new tax bills, a surplus of 28,700,000,000 marks: revenues 97,700,000,000 marks, expenditures 69,000,000,000. This surplus, however, is wholly absorbed by the extraordinary out-go for reparation payments, which for the present are placed at 77,600,000,000 marks. Hence a deficit of 48,900,000,000 marks would result. This deficit is further increased by 12,000,000,000 marks from the budget of extraordinary reparation payments to 60,900,000,000 marks. In making these provisional estimates we proceeded from the following viewpoints: it was assumed that the existing tax laws will yield for 1922, 20,000,000 marks over and above the 38,000,000,000 hitherto estimated, and that 33,500,-000,000 will be yielded by the new taxes. The rest of the increase is distributed over all the items of the ordinary budget.

In regard to the expenditures in the ordinary budget the fact must be emphasized that an increased out-go of 20,000,000,000 marks, representing payments to the states and communes out of the increased revenues yielded by the new taxes, must be taken account of. Extra donations to the transportation administrations will also play an important part in the extraordinary budget of next year.

The heaviest burden upon the Imperial budget in 1922, however, will be the reparation payments, which in general are the cause for the entire financial distress of the Empire. How great will be the sums that must be met in carrying out the peace treaty can only be estimated with reservations. The incalculable factors in drawing up the reparations budget are especially large and numerous. In the first place, this is inherent in the reparations budget itself. It provides for 2,000,-000,000 marks gold in fixed annuities and in addition thereto the variable quantity represented by 26 per cent of our export values. Under the extraordinary reparations budget the amounts to be paid in compensations must be mentioned. While the minimum sum to be paid in gold is itself variable, the uncertain factor of currency depreciation interposes even greater difficulties to making any preliminary forecast. The depreciation of a currency works differently in our home and in our foreign finances; and therefore everything depends upon how much is paid in commodities and how much must be covered by buying exchange. This latter sum is influenced by the tremendous pressure of fluctuations in exchange—a pressure which can by no means be calculated in advance. We must therefore resort to average calculations in order to arrive at anything tangible.

In the estimate just made gold payments of 3,300,000,000 marks and a depreciation of one-twentieth are assumed. This would give, as already said, a total deficit of 60,900,000,000 marks for 1922. A depreciation to one-thirtieth would yield a

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of 92,900,000,000, and one of one-fortieth, corresponding present dollar exchange, a deficit of 126,900,000,000 marks. figures speak for themselves. I have nothing to add I only wish to submit them to the entire world for calm, unprejudiced consideration. The Imperial Government takes the position that all our obligations resulting from the lost war must be met so far as possible. It cannot accept the view of those who say the new taxes are in vain because after all they cannot bring a definitive success. Germany's economic machinery has not indulged since the breakdown in a spirit of despair or defiance and folded its arms in idleness, but it immediately began with unresting labor the task of reconstruction. The Imperial Government therefore brings forward the bills that are under discussion today, and urges that they be passed with the greatest dispatch, for only so can the earnest will of the German people be manifested to do everything in its power for its own quiet and that of the world.

An effective way out of our prodigious financial distress can only be found when our former foes come to recognize that, in the interests of their own peoples, the position of the German people, considerably aggravated by the decision regarding Upper Silesia, must be alleviated through a reasonable adjustment of its obligations to its capacity of achievement. The voices of men of insight abroad are already growing more numerous, who point out that the gigantic task resulting from the liquidation of the war cannot be met along the lines hitherto pursued. Those are the first tokens of economic reasoning in the world, revealed under the pressure of facts. At what time this insight will result in corresponding action we cannot today predict.

Meanwhile there remains to us only the possibility of putting forth all exertions to achieve the greatest possible results.

The Berlin Conference on the Russian Famine

THE international conference of organizations for combating the famine in Russia, held at Berlin on December 4, issued an appeal for an international loan for the relief and rehabilitation of the Russian famine districts. The appeal was signed by the following participating organizations: Fridtjof Nansen's Relief Committee, International Red Cross, Foreign Committee for the Organization of Workers' Relief for the Famine Stricken in Russia (and affiliated organizations), International Bureau of Trade Unions (Amsterdam), International Committee for Relief of Children, Council of Austrian Workers, "Hands Off Soviet Russia" (England), "Clarté" (Paris), Society for Relief of the Russian People (Paris), the Quaker organization (England), the Trade Unions of Czecho-Slovakia, Holland Relief Committee, German Red Cross, Society of Adherents of School Reform, Society of Peace Adherents of Veterans of the World War, Association of Peace Adherents, League of Unity of the Nations, Society of the "New Fatherland," Academic Relief Committee, Society of Socialist Physicians, Relief Committee for the Germans of the Volga Valley, and others. The appeal follows:

TO ALL

A terrible famine, such as has never before been experienced, is raging in distant Russia. Hundreds of thousands of human lives have been sacrificed to the famine. Millions of others are facing a similar fate during the severe Russian winter. The lives of five millions of children alone, the promise of a better future, are in danger. A region which had produced food for twenty million of people, besides furnishing grain to many other countries, including Germany, Italy, and England, is about to turn into an uninhabited desert. Relief is needed urgently and on a large scale.

The Russian state is not in a position to furnish this relief out of its own resources. Exhausted by external and internal wars, striken by a drought not only in the famine region proper, but in other grain producing *gubernyas* as well, it can provide relief for the famine stricken only to a limited extent even by the greatest exertion of its forces. It is in no position to assist with its own resources in the reconstruction of its destroyed economic life and in providing the peasants of the famine-stricken region with seeds and agricultural implements.

This task may be accomplished only by way of granting credits on a large international scale. It is not a question of alms for the Russian people; the rich Russian earth will return everything that would be given to the Russian people for the development of its productive forces. And not only from a sentiment of sympathy should relief be granted the Russian people: the economic future of the whole world depends on the fate of Russia. Unemployment which creates a general depression in America and England will not be reduced, the poverty of the peoples of Central Europe will not be diminished as long as the purchasing ability of the Russian people is not raised, as long as its productive forces are not developed.

The conditions put to the Russian Government for the granting of credits have been accepted by it. Notwithstanding this the Russian people still goes on dying of hunger and its productive power diminishes.

The wounds which are thus inflicted on the economic life of all peoples are constantly becoming more deep and painful.

This unbearable situation must be ended as soon as possible. We appeal to all honest people to make the center of their social activity the question of granting credits to Russia. The press, regardless of opinion; open meetings of all parties and organizations, representative bodies and parliaments should constantly occupy themselves with this question and assist in its practical solution before next spring. Civilized humanity not only will cover itself with disgrace, it will inflict upon itself a most painful wound if it permits the fertile Russian soil to remain deserted and untilled during another year, if it does not reclaim it for new life with the combined assistance of all peoples.

Berlin, December 4

The Silesian Partition

WE have received the following protest against the Silesian decision of the Council of the League of Nations from a group of British liberals and labor leaders:

We, the undersigned, solemnly protest against the arrangement for partitioning Silesia approved by the Council of the League of Nations. We recognize, especially in the economic division as now ordered, a departure from justice, a disregard of history, and a defiance of the verdict given by the recent plebiscite. We foresee that such a partition makes it more than ever impossible for Germany, thus still further and so terribly crippled, to meet the reparation demands upon her. And we believe that such a verdict will intensify afresh the unrest of Europe, the danger of future war, and the disorganization and impoverishment of society, not only on the Continent, but in this country.

(Signed) Lord Parmoor; Charles G. Ammon (member of the executive, National Labor Party); Walter H. Ayles (general secretary, Bristol Independent Labor Party); W. Banfield (civic councilor); Hon. Lady Barlow; Professor Raymond Beazley; Captain E. N. Bennett; Percival Bower, J.P. (alderman of Birmingham; president, Birmingham Labor Party); Fred Bramley (assistant secretary, Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee); J. Bromley (general secretary, Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen); Mr. and Mrs. C. Roden Buxton; Noel Buxton; Dr. Fred Conybeare; Lady Courtney; Miss K. D. Courtney; Mrs. Helen

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Crawfurd; Margaret Llewelyn Davies (general secretary, Women's Cooperative Guild); D. J. Dollan, C.C.; J. A. Farrer (chairman, Skipton Liberal Association); Principal A. E. Garvie; Captain E. Gill; Alexander Gossip (general secretary, National Amalgamated Furnishing Trades' Association); J. W. Graham (principal, Dalton Hall); Captain Grenfell, R.N.; Mrs. M. A. Hamilton; John P. Hay, O.S.T., M.A.; Carl Heath; Professor C. H. Herford; John Hill (secretary, Boiler Makers and Iron and Steel Ship Builders); J. A. Hobson; Frank Hodges (secretary, Miners' Federation of Great Britain); George Hogg (vice-chairman, Edinburgh Trades and Labor Council); Mrs. Ruth Jackson; Jerome K. Jerome; F. W. Jowett (chairman of the executive, National Labor Party; editor, *Bradford Pioneer*); Joseph King; R. C. Lambert; George Lansbury (member of the executive, National Labor Party; editor, *Daily Herald*); J. Lawson, M.P.; H. B. Lees Smith; J. Ramsay Macdonald; F. Merttens; J. E. Mills, M.P.; E. D. Morel (editor, *Foreign Affairs*); Sir J. Edwards Moss (Bart.); Robert Murray (editor, *Scottish Cooperator*); Sir George Paish; Hon. Mrs. Penrose; Arthur Ponsonby; Alderman F. T. Richardson (president, Liverpool Trades Council and Labor Party); Ben Riley (labor candidate for Dewsbury); Hon. Bertrand Russell; F. J. Shaw; William Shaw (secretary, Glasgow Trades and Labor Council); J. F. Sime (secretary, Dundee and District Union of Jute and Flax Workers); Robert Smillie; Mrs. Ethel Snowden; Joseph Southall (chairman, Birmingham Independent Labor Party); Ben C. Spoor, M.P. (member of the executive, National Labor Party); T. Stewart (President, Dundee Trades and Labor Council); William Stewart (secretary, Scottish Divisional Committee of the Independent Labor Party); W. Straker (secretary, Northumberland Miners' Mutual Confident Association); Mrs. H. M. Swanwick; C. H. Taunton (secretary, Liverpool Trades Council and Labor Party); R. H. Tawney; Charles Trevelyan; Ben Turner, J.P. (secretary, General Union of Textile Workers); R. C. Wallhead (chairman, Independent Labor Party); H. Baillie Weaver; Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, M.P.; James C. Welsh (vice-president, Lanarkshire Mineworkers' Union); Leonard Woolf.

Birmingham, December 13

A British "Bomb Plot"

IN a note addressed to the Russian Soviet Government last September, protesting against alleged anti-British propaganda carried on by bolshevik agents in Asia, Lord Curzon, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, made the following statement:

For some considerable time the Soviet Government has been attempting to persuade a well-known Indian anarchist, Dr. Hafiz, who has been studying the manufacture of bombs in Vienna, to proceed to Afghanistan and supervise a bomb depot on the borders of India in order to facilitate their importation into India. Dr. Hafiz has now, with the assistance of the Soviet Government, undertaken the task of manufacturing smokeless powder in Kabul, and has received from the Soviet Government the sum of 10,000 kronen for expenses connected with his wife and children.

Dr. Hafiz replied to this allegation in a long letter, dated Kabul, October 26. The outstanding points of the letter, which was printed in the *Muslim Standard* (London) of December 8, are as follows:

Soon after my matriculation, when I had already entered upon my college life, I felt that the chief aim of this life was to serve some great cause. The cause which lay next my heart was that of Islam, and I felt that I could serve that cause best by serving the neighboring sovereign state of Afghanistan. . . .

The outbreak of the war found me in this frame of mind and still busy in the attainment of such practical knowledge as I considered necessary for success in my future work. I utilized this great opportunity. I applied to the Imperial Turkish Foreign Office for naturalization in Turkey and became in due course a naturalized Turkish subject. It was necessary for me to wipe off the blot of being a British subject, who, if hailing from the East, is not so free as the British myth would have it. Being a Turkish subject, I then joined the Turkish army, and in virtue of my technical knowledge soon became a captain of artillery. My chemical knowledge then brought me in touch with the Imperial Turkish Explosives Factory. There, with my intense application, I soon acquired a thorough training in the manufacture of smokeless powder and other materials of modern warfare. . . .

After the war I joined a big chemical factory in Europe, where I intended to earn my living until I could proceed to Afghanistan, which was then occupied in its own troubles with the British. In that factory I was engaged in the manufacture of certain dyestuffs and pharmaceutical products and not in the study of bombs in Vienna, as the British note would have it. . . .

However, I had never given up my original idea of going to Afghanistan. . . . Consequently, as soon as His Excellency the Afghan Envoy Extraordinary, General Mohammed Wali Khan, reached Berlin on his diplomatic mission to Europe, I presented myself to him. His Excellency advised me to proceed at once to Afghanistan, where, he said, my services would be highly appreciated. His Excellency then also provided me with the traveling expenses, since I was going there at the express wish of the Afghan Government. What greater lie can there be than the assertion in the British note that I have come here at the persuasion of the Soviet Government? Indeed, in justice to the Soviet Government, I hereby declare most emphatically that I have never been approached by the Soviet Government directly or indirectly in any connection whatsoever, neither have I ever approached the Soviet Government with any sort of suggestion. The allegation of the British Foreign Office that the Soviet Government has been urging me for a long time to go to Afghanistan in order to supervise a bomb depot on the borders of India or to manufacture smokeless powder at Kabul at the suggestion and with the help of the Soviet Government is an unfounded and baseless lie, which I have already emphatically denied at a mass meeting held in Kabul three weeks ago. . . .

In order to give some color of truth to its statements the British Foreign Office further asserts that the Soviet Government has supplied me with 10,000 kronen. However, the British spy who supplied the British Minister with this monstrous lie must have judged me from his own character, and could scarcely have known that 10,000 kronen could not be any bait for my honest convictions, especially in view of the fact that I have been earning twice as much money every month in the form of my salary from the chemical works I was engaged in and from the sale of my patents.

If the Foreign Office believes itself to be honest in its statements, let it come out and disprove a single one of the above assertions, or let it prove that I have received help in any shape or form from the Soviet Government, or that I have come here at the suggestion or persuasion of the Soviet Government.

I am inclined to think that the Foreign Office is well aware of the truth of these statements, thanks to its ubiquitous spies, and that its protest to Russia in my case has been made with the definite purpose of exciting Afghan suspicion against me in order to frustrate my efforts to help the Afghans develop their civil and military industries, which are an obvious birthright of every sovereign nation. . . .

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Loving Your Enemies in India

IN view of the fact that Gandhi's hand has been upheld by vote of the All-India National Congress where non-violent methods won the support of a majority of the delegates, the documents printed below are of immediate interest. They are both taken from the Bombay *Chronicle* of November 21.

Gandhi's Hunger Strike

Men and Women of Bombay:

It is not possible to describe to you the agony I have suffered during the past two days. I am writing this now at 3:30 a. m. in perfect peace. After two hours' prayer and meditation I have found it.

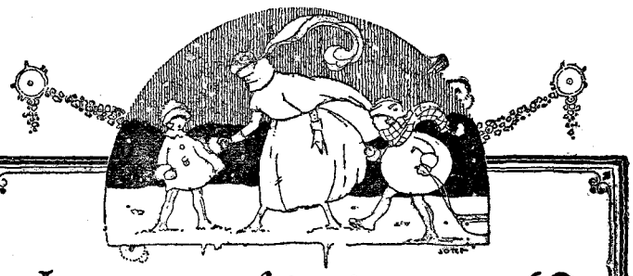
I must refuse to eat or drink anything but water till the Hindus and Mussulmans of Bombay have made peace with the Parsis, the Christians, and the Jews, and till the non-cooperators have made peace with the cooperators.

The Swaraj that I have witnessed during the last two days has stunk in my nostrils. Hindu-Muslim unity has been a menace to the handful of Parsis, Christians, and Jews. The non-violence of the non-cooperators has been worse than the violence of the cooperators. For with non-violence on our lips we have terrorized those who have differed from us and in so doing we have denied our God. There is only one God for us all whether we find him through the Koran, the Bible, the Zend Avesta, the Talmud, or the Gita. And He is God of Truth and Love. I have no interest in living save for proving this faith in me. I cannot hate an Englishman or any one else. I have spoken and written much against his institutions, especially the one he has set up in India. I shall continue to do so if I live. But we must not mistake my condemnation of the system for the man. My religion requires me to love him as I love myself. I would deny God if I did not attempt to prove it at this critical moment. And the Parsis? I have meant every word I have said about them. Hindus and Mussulmans would be unworthy of freedom if they do not defend them and their honor with their lives. They have only recently proved their liberality and friendship. The Mussulmans are especially beholden to them, for the Parsis have, compared to their numbers, given more than they themselves to the Khilafat funds. I cannot face again the appealing eyes of Parsi men and women that I saw on the 17th instant as I passed through them unless Hindus and Mussulmans have expressed full and free repentance. Nor can I face Andrews when he returns from East Africa if we have done no reparation to the Indian-born Christians whom we are bound to protect as our own brothers and sisters. We may not think of what they in self-defense or by way of reprisals have done to some of us.

You can see quite clearly that I must do the utmost reparation to this handful of men and women who have been the victims of forces that have come into being largely through my instrumentality. I invite every Hindu and Mussulman to do likewise. But I do not want anyone to fast. Fasting is only good when it comes in answer to prayer and as a felt yearning of the soul. I invite every Hindu and Mussulman to retire to his home and ask God for forgiveness and to befriend the injured communities from the bottom of his heart.

I invite my fellow workers not to waste a word of sympathy for me. I need or deserve none. But I invite them to make a ceaseless effort to regain control over the turbulent elements. This is a terribly true struggle. There is no room for sham or humbug in it. Before we can make any further progress with our struggle we must cleanse our hearts.

One special word to my Mussulman brothers. I have approached the Khilafat as a sacred cause. I have striven for Hindu-Muslim unity because India cannot live free without it and because we would both deny God if we considered one



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another as natural enemies. I have thrown myself into the arms of the Ali brothers because I believe them to be true and God-fearing men. The Mussulmans have to my knowledge played the leading part during the two days of carnage. It has deeply hurt me. I ask every Mussulman worker to rise to his full height, to realize his duty to his faith and see that the carnage stops. May God bless everyone of us with wisdom and the courage to do the right at any cost. M. K. GANDHI

HOOLIGAN DISORDERS

TO THE HOOLIGANS OF BOMBAY:

The most terrible mistake I have made is that I thought non-cooperators had acquired influence over you and that you had understood the relative value, the political wisdom, of non-violence, though not the moral necessity of it. I had thought that you had sufficiently understood the interest of your country not to meddle with the movement to its detriment and that, therefore, you would have wisdom enough not to give way to your worst passions. But it cuts me to the quick to find that you have used the mass awakening for your own lust for plunder, rapine, and even indulging in your worst animal appetite. Whether you call yourself a Hindu, Mussulman, Parsi, Christian, or Jew, you have certainly failed to consider even your own religious interests. Some of my friends would, I know, accuse me of ignorance of human nature. If I believed the charge, I would plead guilty and retire from human assemblies and return only after acquiring knowledge of human nature. But I know that had no difficulty in controlling even the Indian Hooligans in South Africa. I was able because I had succeeded in approaching them through coworkers where I had no personal contact with them. In your case I see we have failed to reach you. I don't believe you to be incapable of responding to the noble call of religion and country.

See what you have done! The Hindu and Mussulman hooligans have violated the sanctity of Parsi temples and they have exposed their own to similar risk from the wrath of Parsi hooligans. Because some Parsis have chosen to partake in the welcome to the Prince, the Hindu and the Mussulman hooligans have roughly handled every Parsi they have met. The result has been that the Parsi hooligans are less to blame. Hindu and Mussulman hooligans have rudely, roughly, and insolently removed the foreign cloth worn by some Parsis and Christians, forgetting that not all Hindus and all Mussulmans nor by any means even a majority of them have religiously discarded the use of foreign cloth. The Parsi and Christian hooligans are, therefore, interfering with the Hindu and Mussulman wearers of khaddar. Thus we are all moving in a vicious circle and the country suffers.

I write this not to blame but to warn you and to confess that we have grievously neglected you. I am doing the penance in one way. The other workers are doing it in another way. Messrs. Azad Subhani, Jayakar, Jamnadas Mehta, Sathe, Moazan Ali, and many others have been risking their lives in bringing under control this unfortunate ebullition. Shrimati Sarojini Naidu has fearlessly gone in your midst to reason with you and to appeal to you. Our work in your midst has only just begun. Will you not give us a chance by stopping the mad process of retaliation? The Hindus and Mussulmans should be ashamed to take reprisals against the Parsis or the Christians. The latter must know it to be suicidal to battle against Hindu and Mussulman ferocity by brute strength. The result is they must seek the assistance of an alien government, i. e., sell their freedom. Surely the best course for them is to realize their nationality and believe that the reasoning Hindus and Mussulmans must and will protect the interests of minorities before their own. Anyway the problem before Bombay is to insure the absolute protection of the minorities and the acquisition of control over the rowdy element. And I shall trust that you, the hooligans of Bombay, will now restrain your hand and give a chance to the workers who are desirous of serving you. May God help you. M. K. GANDHI

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